

The Story of Don
Guidote

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AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA.



eyes he could ; whilst nobody knew where his own blow light
or who it was that pummelled him.

There lodged by chance that night in the an officer of justice, who, likewise hearing the noise of the scuffle, caught up his wand, and the tin box that held his commission, and entering the room in the dark, cried out, " Forbear ! in the name of justice, forbear ! " The first he lighted on was the battered Don Quixote, who lay on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless ; and laying hold of his beard as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly, " I charge you to aid and to assist me ; " but finding that the person he had laid hold of neither stirred nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers ; with which suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying, " Shut the inn-door, see that nobody gets out, for they have killed a man here. " This voice startled them all so, that they stopped fighting in a moment. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pack saddles, and the lad to his straw ; only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho could not stir from the place they were in. The officer now let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents.

Meanwhile Don Quixote came to himself, and called to his squire, saymg, " Sancho, friend, sleepest thou ? Sleepest thou, friend Sancho ? "—" How should I sleep ? woe is me ! " answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation. " I cannot but think a legion of imps have been in my company to-night. "—" You may very well believe so, " answered Don Quixote ; " and either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. For you must know, Sancho, that last night one of the most beautiful damsels in the world came to me, to deliver me out of the hands of the treacherous lord of this castle, whom I verily believe to be a dishonoured knight. But just as I was rising to follow her, comes a hand, fastened to the arm of a hideous giant, which hits me such a thump on the face, as caused my jaws to crack ; and afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers did us the mischief

you know. Whence I gather that this castle is guarded by some enchanted Moor."—"I should think so," said Sancho, "for more than four hundred Moors have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the pack-staves was tarts and cheese-cakes to it. But tell me, pray, sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? Woe is me, for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; and yet, of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls to my share."—"What! have you been pounded too?" answered Don Quixote.—"Have I not told you, yes? Evil befall my lineage!" said Sancho.—"Be in no pain, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye." By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and came to see the person he thought was killed; but finding the two communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true, Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plastering. The officer approached him and said, "How fares it, honest friend?"—"I would speak more respectfully," answered Don Quixote, "were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this manner to knights-errant, blockhead?" The officer, seeing himself so ill-treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it; and, lifting up the brass lamp, with all its oil, gave it Don Quixote over the pate in such sort, that he broke his head; and, all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. "Doubtless, sir," said Sancho Panza, "this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks."—"It is even so," answered Don Quixote; "and it is to no purpose to regard this business of enchantments, or to be out of humour or angry with them. Get you up, Sancho, if you can; call the governor of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam; for, in truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast."

Sancho got up, with pain enough of his bones, and went in

the dark towards the landlord's chamber ; and, meeting the officer, said, to him, " Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine ; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor that is in this inn." The officer, hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses ; and opening the inn-door, told the host what the honest man wanted. Having got the materials, Sancho carried them to his master, who mixed and boiled them together for a good while ; afterwards pouring the liquid into an oil-flask, over which he muttered sundry mysterious words. This done, he drank about a pint and a half of it ; but, as might have been expected, the stuff disagreed with him immediately, and so violently, that he was obliged to be put to bed, where he slept for three hours, waking so much better, and in so much less pain from his bruises, that he doubted not his precious balsam had wrought the cure. As ill luck would have it, Sancho thought so too, and begging a dose from his master, pitched a full pint of it down his throat at one gulp. But the mess disagreed with the squire much worse than it had done with the knight ; and, in short, made him so ill, that he in truth believed that his last hour was come ; and his master, looking on his sad condition, said, " I verily believe, Sancho, that all this mischief has befallen you because you have not been dubbed a knight ; for I am of opinion that this liquor can do no good to those who are not."—" If your worship knew that, why, in the world, did you suffer me to drink it ?" replied Sancho. And with that he became worse than ever. His master, however, feeling himself better, was in such haste to set out for further adventures, that, before Sancho was able to stir, he not only saddled his own horse, and his squire's ass, with his own hands, but helped his distressed servant to put on his clothes, and hoist himself on his beast.

Both being mounted, and standing at the inn-door, Don Quixote called to the landlord, and gravely said to him, " Many and great are the favours, Signor Governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations

to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return by revenging you on any insolent, who has done you outrage, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find anything of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it ; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire." The host answered with the same gravity, " Sir Knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me ; I can revenge myself, fast enough, if need be. I only desire your worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts as for your supper and lodging."—"What, then ! is this an inn ?" replied Don Quixote.—"And a very creditable one," answered the host.—"Hitherto, then, I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote ; "for, in truth, I took it for a castle ; but since it is so that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can now be done is, that you excuse the payment ; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know that they never paid for lodging, or anything else, in any inn where they have lain."—"Pay me what is my due," said the landlord, "and let us have none of your stories and knight-errantries, for I make no account of anything, but how to come by my own."—"Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful inn-keeper," answered Don Quixote. So clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn, without anybody's opposing him ; and, without looking to see whether his squire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The host, seeing him go off without paying him, ran to seize on Sancho Panza, who said that, since his master would not pay, he would not pay either ; for, being squire to a knight-errant, the same rule held good for him as for his master, not to pay anything in public-houses and inns. The innkeeper grew very testy at this, and threatened him if he did not pay him, he would get it in a way he should be sorry for. Sancho swore, by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he

would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have reason to complain of or reproach him for the breach of so just a right.

Poor Sancho's ill luck would have it, that among those who were in the inn were some frolicsome fellows, who came up to him, and, dismounting him from the ass, one of them went in for the landlord's bed blanket; then putting him therein, they looked up, and, seeing that the ceiling was somewhat too low for their work, determined to go out into the yard, which was bounded only by the sky. There Sancho being placed in the midst of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with him, as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries which the poor blanketed squire sent forth were so many and so loud that they reached his master's ears, who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he found plainly that he who cried was his servant; so, turning the reins, he galloped up to the inn, and, finding it shut, rode round it to discover, if he could, an entrance. But he was scarce got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility that, if his anger would have suffered him, he would have laughed. He tried to get from his horse upon the pales, but was so bruised and battered that he could not so much as alight; so, as he sat, he began to utter so many reproaches and revilings against those who were tossing Sancho, as is impossible to put down in writing. But his tormentors did not therefore desist from their laughter nor their labour, nor did the flying Sancho forbear his complaints, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with entreaties, until at last they left off for pure weariness. They then brought him his ass, and, wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him thereon. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him in such a plight, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which she fetched from the well, that it might be the cooler. Sancho took it, and, as he was

lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's calling to him aloud, "Son Sancho, drink not water! child, do not drink it; it will kill thee! See here, I hold the precious balsam, by drinking but two drops of which you will doubtless be whole and sound again." At these words, Sancho turned up his eyes, and said, with a louder voice, "Perhaps you have forgot, sir, that I am no knight, or you would kill me outright. Keep your liquor, and let me alone." His ceasing to speak and beginning to drink was all in a moment; but at the first sip, finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed Maritornes to bring him some wine, which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money. As soon as Sancho had done drinking, he fell a-kicking his ass, and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, extremely well satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of his own bones. The landlord, indeed, had kept his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed them. **so confused was he at going off.**



CHAPTER V.

Don Quixote attacks the flock of sheep—The fulling-hammers—Sancho "makes game" of his master, and suffers for it.

SANCHO came up to his master, pale, and dispirited that degree that he was not able to spur on his ass. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said, "Now am I convinced, honest Sancho, that that castle, or inn, is doubtless enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported themselves with you, what could they be but hobgoblins and people of the other world? And I am confirmed in this by having found that, when I stood at the pales of the yard beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor so much as alight from Rozinante, so that they must certainly have held me enchanted; for I swear to you that, if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged you in such a manner as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I knew I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby: for, as I have often told you, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in case of urgent and extreme necessity."—"And I too," said Sancho, "would have revenged myself if I could, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not; though I am of opinion that they who diverted themselves at my expense were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are, for, while they were tossing me, each called the other by his proper name; so that, sir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay in some-

thing else, and not in enchantment. And what I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of will at the long run bring us into so many misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business, and not run rambling from pillar to post, leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"How little do you know, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "what belongs to chivalry! The day will come when you will see with your eyes how honourable a thing it is, to follow this profession; for, tell me, what greater satisfaction can there be in the world than that of winning a battle and triumphing over one's enemy?"—"It may be so," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it. I only know that since we have been knights-errant we have never won any battle except that of the Biscainer, and even there you came off with the loss of half an ear, and half a helmet; and from that day to this we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beside my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself."—"That is what troubles me," answered Don Quixote; "but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword, made by such art that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. And perhaps fortune may procure me that of Amadis, 'Knight of the burning Sword;' for it cut like a razor, and no armour, though ever so strong or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it."—"I am so fortunate," said Sancho, "that, though you should find such a sword, it would be of service only to those who are dubbed knights, like the balsam; as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow."—"Fear not that, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "Heaven will deal more kindly by thee!"

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when the former saw a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them, and, turning to Sancho, said, "This is the day, O Sancho, wherein will be seen the good that fortune has in store for me, and in which I shall perform such exploits as shall re-

hath written in the book of fame to all succeeding ages. Seest thou yon cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of Givers and innumerable nations who are on the march this way."—"Then there must be two armies," said Sancho; "for on this opposite side there arises such another cloud of dust." Don Quixote turned to view it, and, seeing it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain. Now the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts; and the dust hindered them from being seen until they came near. But Don Quixote affirmed with so much positiveness that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said, "Sir, what then must we do?"—"What!" replied Don Quixote, "but favour and assist the weaker side. Now, you must know, Sancho, that these armies are led by two mighty monarchs, and they are about to engage because the one, who is a Christian, will not give his daughter to the other, who is a pagan, unless he will renounce his false faith."—"By my beard," said Sancho, "he is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power."—"In so doing you will do your duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for, in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight."—"I easily comprehend that," answered Sancho; "but where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast."—"You are in the right," said his master; "but let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory, that Rozinante himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen whilst I give you an account of the principal knights of both the armies." Thereupon he began, with a loud voice, to describe the advancing hosts, and that with marvellous distinctness, seeing they existed nowhere but in his own head. Such knights, such armour, such arms (including one of the gates of Gaza, the temple pulled down by Samson), did he turn as glibly off his tongue as though he were reading a muster-roll. There was the parti-coloured

knight, bearing on his shield a cat, with a scroll inscribed MIAU—being the first syllable of Miaulina, the name of his peerless lady-love. Then the dark knight, in black armour, whose device was a spit, thrust through a joint of meat *proper*—as the heralds say—with the motto, “It burns, if it stands;” which was explained by him to signify that the very life of the bearer would be consumed by love for his lady, were he not continually engaged in deeds of prowess. To which were added numbers of others, upon whom he bestowed devices of the most astounding character, and the longest possible names. And thus he went maundering on, bespattering Sancho with such an amount of learning of all kinds as nearly turned the brain of his faithful squire, who looked this way and that way, but seeing nothing of either knights or giants, took for granted his master was demented, especially when the latter, setting his lance in its rest, clapped spurs to Rozinante, and darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him, “Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back! They are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter; pray come back! What madness is this? Look, there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire. Sinner that I am! what are you about?” For all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud, “Ho! knights, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge the Christian on his pagan adversary!”

Saying thus, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance as courageously and intrepidly as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks called out to him to desist; but, seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one’s fist. Don Quixote did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out, “Where art thou, proud pagan? Present thyself before me! I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life for the wrong thou doest.” At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such

a blow on the side that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded, and, remembering his liquor, pulled out his cruse, set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down ; but before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those nuts, and hits him so full on the hand and on the cruse, that it dashed it to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow and such the second, that the poor knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believing they had killed him, in all haste got their flock together, took up their dead—which were about seven—and marched off without further inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew his master. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended from the hillock, ran to him, and finding him in a very ill plight, said to him, “ Did I not desire you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back, for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men ? ” — “ How easily,” replied Don Quixote, “ can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear ! You must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please ; and this malignant, who persecutes me, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, Sancho, get upon your ass, follow them fair and softly, and you will find that when they are a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want your help and assistance.”

Hereupon he got up, and, laying his left hand on his mouth, with the other laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side, and went where his squire stood, leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him in that guise, said, “ Know, Sancho, that one man is

no more than another, unless he does more than another. · All these storms that fall upon us, are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly; for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. So that you ought not to afflict yourself for the mischances that befall me, since you have no share in them.”—“How! no share in them?” answered Sancho. “Peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father’s son, and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my movables, are somebody’s else!”—“What! are the wallets missing, Sancho?” said Don Quixote. “Yes, they are,” answered Sancho. “Then we have nothing to eat to-day?” replied Don Quixote. “It would be so,” answered Sancho, “if these fields did not produce those herbs, you say you know, with which such unlucky knights-errant as your worship are wont to supply the like necessities.”—“For all that,” answered Don Quixote, “at this time I would rather have a slice of bread, and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Dr Laguna himself. But, good Sancho, get upon your ass and follow me; for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, since he does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, or the froglings of the water; and so merciful is he, that he makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and unjust.”—“Your worship,” said Sancho, “would make a better preacher than a knight-errant.”—“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the knights-errant ever did and must know something of everything; and there have been knights-errant in times past, who would make sermons as well as if they had taken their degrees in the University of Paris; whence we may infer that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance.”—“Well, let it be as your worship says!” answered Sancho; “but let us begone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night where there are neither blankets nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins nor enchanted Moors; for if there be, I’ll none of it!”—“Child,” said Don Quixote, “conduct me whither thou wilt; but reach hither your

hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain." Sancho put in his fingers, and, feeling about, said, "How many did your worship use to have on this side?"—"Four," answered Don Quixote. "Take care what you say, sir," answered Sancho. "I say four, if not five," replied Don Quixote; "for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I ever lost one."—"Well then," said Sancho, "on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half, and in the upper neither half nor whole."—"Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him; "I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for, Sancho, you must know that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone, and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But all this we are subject to who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt." Sancho did so, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the high-road, which was thereabouts very much frequented.

Thus going along, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the maste with a good appetite, they met a company of travellers, whom our knight, taking for granted they were wrong-doers whom he was bound to punish, immediately attacked; spurring among them, lance in hand, wounding one, upsetting another, and making the rest take to their heels as though they had wings, to the great delight of Sancho, who immediately threw himself upon one of the baggage mules, transferring all the eatables it carried into a bag which he hastily made of his cloak. In truth, they were a company of harmless folk, and Don Quixote, being convinced of this, was sorry enough for having harmed them; though he assured the sufferers it was entirely their own fault, for travelling in such guise as that he took them for evil-doers, whom, by the laws of knight-errantry, he was under the necessity of attacking. Sancho improved upon his master's discourse by bidding one of the travellers tell his comrades that he by whom they had been routed was Don

Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called "The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." The title pleased Don Quixote, as he remembered how knights of old were wont to take to themselves such surnames, one calling himself the "Knight of the Burning Sword;" another, "he of the Unicorn," and so on; and he told Sancho that from that day he purposed to call himself the "Knight of the Sorrowful Figure," as also, as soon as possible, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on his shield. "You need not spend any time and money in getting this figure made," said Sancho; "your worship has only to show your own, and present yourself to be looked at." Then driving on his ass before him, he desired his master to follow; who, thinking Sancho in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened the ass; and lying along on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they despatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold mess which the travellers had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But another mishap befell them, which Sancho took for the worst of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor so much as water, to drink; and being very thirsty, he, perceiving the meadow they were in covered with green and fine grass, said to his master, that if they went a little farther, they would, without doubt, find some spring or brook where they might quench their thirst. So they set off, Sancho leading his ass, on which he had placed the relics of their supper, and Don Quixote taking Rozinante by the bridle. As they felt their way [for the night was too dark for them to see anything], a sound, as of some mighty cascade pouring down, met their ears, and rejoiced them not a little. But after that came a dreadful din, as of irons and chains rattling, and heavy blows given in measured time, which would have struck terror into the heart of any one but Don Quixote, who leaped upon his horse, braced on his buckler, brandished his lance, and telling Sancho that if he did not return in three days' time, he must repair to Toboso, and say to the Lady Dulcinea that her knight

had died in attempting a feat worthy of her, was for dashing at once, pitch-dark as it was, at the enemy, but stayed to bid his squire tighten Rozinante's girths. Honest Sancho finding that tears and entreaties could not stop his master on this mad errand, or induce him to wait until daylight, thought fit to carry his point by means of a trick, contriving, while straining at the girths, to tie Rozinante's hinder feet together with the ass's halter, so that, spite of spurring, he could only move in little jumps. This made his rider desperate; but seeing that the more he spurred, the less he could move his steed, he at length gave it up, and prepared to remain where he was for the night, or until Rozinante recovered the proper use of his legs.

Sancho, in abject terror, stuck close to his master until day-break, when, unperceived, he managed to loose the halter, and Don Quixote, feeling that his horse was at last free, spurred forward, followed by his squire on foot, leading the ass. They went thus some distance among the tall, shady chestnut trees, until they came to a little green spot at the foot of some steep rocks, from whose summit leaped a mighty torrent. At their feet were several miserable huts, from amongst which issued the horrid sounds that had scared them the night before; and creeping on a little farther (Don Quixote invoking the aid of his Dulcinea in this peril), they came plump upon the cause of it all. It was neither more nor less than six fulling-hammers, worked by the falling stream, that had produced those hideous noises; and at sight of them the knight was struck dumb, in utter confusion.

Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head with manifest indications of being quite abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, with evident signs of being ready to burst with it; and notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at sight of his squire, who, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands, to save himself from splitting with laughter. Four times he ceased, and four times he returned to his laughter, with the same impetuosity as

at first. Whereat Don Quixote gave himself up, especially when he heard his squire say, by way of irony, "You must know, friend Sancho, that I was born, by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements!" And so he went on repeating most or all of the expressions which Don Quixote had used at the first hearing those dreadful strokes. Don Quixote, perceiving that Sancho played upon him, grew so ashamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance and discharged two such blows on him, that, had he received them on his head, as he did on his shoulders, the knight had acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed further, cried out with much humility, "Pray, sir, be pacified; for indeed I did but jest."—"Though you jest, I do not," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither, merry sir, what think you? Suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not showed you the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I, think you, obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, of a fulling-mill? Besides, it may be, as it really is, that I never saw any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast, like a pitiful rustic as thou art, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or altogether, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me."—"It is enough, good sir," replied Sancho; "I confess I have been a little too jocose; but pray tell me, now that it is peace between us, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in? for as to your worship, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror is."—"I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "but that what has befallen us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told, for all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle."—"But," answered Sancho, "your worship knew

how to handle your lance aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders ; thanks to my own agility in slipping aside.' But let that pass, for I have heard say, ' He loves thee well who makes thee weep : ' and besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose and breeches ; though what is usually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unless it be that your knights-errant, after bastinadoes, bestow islands, or kingdoms on the continent."—"The die may run so," said Don Quixote, "that all you have said may come to pass ; so forgive what is past, since you are considerate ; and henceforward know one thing (that you may abstain and forbear talking too much with me), that, in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found that any squire conversed so much with his master as you do with yours. And really, I account it a great fault both in you and in me : in you, because you respect me so little ; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. Was not Gandalin, squire to Amadis de Gaul, earl of the firm island ? and we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the Turkish fashion. From what I have said, you may infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, and between knight and squire. So that from this day forward we must be treated with more respect, for which way soever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher. The favours and benefits I promised you will come in due time ; and, if they do not come, the wages, at least, as I have told you, will not be lost."—"Your worship says very well," answered Sancho ; "but I would fain know (if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be expedient to have recourse to the article of the wages) how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times ? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers ?"—"I do not believe," answered Don Quixote, "that those squires were at stated wages, but relied on courtesy. And if I have appointed you any, in the will I left sealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen ; for I cannot yet tell you how chivalry may suc-

ceed in these calamitous times of ours ; and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for a trifle ; for I would have you to know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventures.”—“ It is so, in truth,” said Sancho, “ since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship’s matters, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord.”—“ By so doing,” replied Don Quixote, “ your days shall be long in the land ; for next to our parents we are bound to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers.”

CHAPTER VI.

*Mambrino's helmet—Adventure of the galley-slaves—Sancho's
ass stolen from under him.*



ABOUT this time it began to rain a little, and Sancho had a mind they should betake themselves to the fulling-mills. But Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them that he would by no means go in ; so they struck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before. Soon after, Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered, as if it had been of gold ; and scarce had he seen it, but turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true ; especially that which says, 'When one door is shut, another is opened.' I say this, because if fortune last night shut the door against what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now sets another wide open for a better and more certain adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of the night. This I say, because, if I mistake not, there comes one toward us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet, about which I swore the oath, you know."—"Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho, "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and flashing our senses."—"What in the world," replied Don Quixote, "has a helmet to do with fulling-mills ?"—"I know not," answered Sancho ; "but, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I might give such reasons that your wor-

ship would see you are mistaken in what you say.”—“How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor?” said Don Quixote. “Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming toward us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?”—“What I see,” answered Sancho, “is only a man on a gray ass, like mine, with something on his head that glitters.”—“Why, that is Mambrino’s helmet,” said Don Quixote. “Get aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; and the helmet I have so much longed for shall be my own.”—“I shall take care to get out of the way,” replied Sancho; “but I pray God, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure.”—“I have already told you, brother, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor so much as to think of them, any more,” said Don Quixote. “If you do, I say no more, but I vow to mill your soul for you.” Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now, the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight, which Don Quixote saw, was this: There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small, that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both, and the barber of the bigger served also the lesser, in which some persons wanted him; and for this purpose was the barber coming, bringing with him his brass basin. Fortune so ordered it that, as he was upon the road, it began to rain; so, that his hat might not be spoiled (for it was a new one), he clapped the basin on his head, and, being new scoured, it glittered half a league off. He rode on a gray ass, as Sancho said, and this was the reason why Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-gray steed, and his basin for a golden helmet: for he very readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagancies and wild conceits. And when he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante’s best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, “Defend yourself, caitiff, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due!” The barber,

who saw this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass; and no sooner had he touched the ground than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he began to scour over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. He left the basin on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied; and saying the miscreant had acted discreetly, ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, vowed the basin was a special one, and as well worth a crown as a farthing. Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about to find the visor; and not finding it, he said, "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was first forged must have had a prodigious large head; and the worst of it is, that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; but, recollecting his master's late anger, stopped short. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. He answered, "I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's basin."—"Knowest thou, Sancho, what I take to be the case? This enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of one who, being ignorant of its true value, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for Lucre's sake, and of the other half made this which, as you say, does look like a barber's basin. But to me it signifies nothing, for I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith; in the meantime, I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing, and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones."—"It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruse in which was contained that most blessed drench."—"I am in no great pain for having lost it; for you know, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I have the receipt by heart."—"So have I too," answered Sancho; "but if I ever make or try it again while I live, may I never stir from this place. Be-

sides, I do not intend to expose myself to the hazard of standing in need of it ; for I intend to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing ; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps ; and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket pleases to toss one."—"You are no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for you never forget an injury once done you. What leg have you lamed, what rib, or what head have you broken, that you cannot yet forget that jest ? for, to take the thing right, it was mere jest and pastime ; and, had I not understood it so, I had long ago returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging your quarrel, than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen."—"Let it then pass for a jest," said Sancho, "since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest : but I know of what kinds the jests and the earnest were."

"But, setting this aside, tell me, sir, what we shall do with this dapple-gray steed, which looks so like a gray ass, and which that caitiff, whom your worship overthrew, has left behind here to shift for itself ; for, to judge by his scouring off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him ; and Dapple is a special one."—"It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or what you will have it to be ; for, when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him."—"Goodness knows whether it were better for me to take him," replied Sancho, "or, at least, to truck mine for him, which, methinks, is not so good. Verily the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another ; and I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I had a mind."—"I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote ; "but, in case of doubt, until better information can be had, I say, you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them."—"So extreme," replied Sancho,

“that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person.” And so saying, he proceeded with that licence to an exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had put them in. Their anger and hunger being thus allayed, they mounted, and, without resolving to follow any particular road, put on whithersoever Rozinante’s will led him, which drew after it that of his master, and also that of the ass, which followed, in love and good fellowship, wherever he led the way. Notwithstanding which, they soon turned again into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without any other design.

As they thus sauntered on, Sancho ventured to represent to his master sundry dissatisfactions which he felt at the knight’s going about in quest of adventures where, however great was the prowess displayed, there was no one to behold, or reward it; in short, that he feared such doings would never lead to his own reward, be it that of governor, or earl, or whatever his master might be pleased to bestow upon him. Don Quixote considered this matter with much gravity, and ended by assuring his squire that all would be well arranged. When he himself became a king, he could easily confer nobility upon his squire, whom, in creating him an earl, he, of course, made a gentleman—one who must be called “your lordship,” whether people liked it or not. “Do you think,” said Sancho, “I should know how to give authority to the indignity?”—“Dignity, you should say, and not indignity,” said his master. “So let it be,” answered Sancho Panza; “I say, I should do well enough with it, for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle’s gown became me so well, that everybody said I had a presence fit to be warden of the said company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke’s robe, all shining with gold and pearls, like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me.”—“You will make a goodly appearance, indeed,” said Don Quixote; “but it will be necessary to

trim your beard a little oftener, for it is so rough and frowzy, that if you do not shave with a razor every other day at least, you will discover what you are a musket-shot off"—"Why," said Sancho, "it is but taking a barber into the house, and, if there be occasion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee."—"How came you to know," demanded Don Quixote, "that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them?"—"I will tell you," said Sancho. "Some years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they said, was a very great lord; a man followed him on horseback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked why that man did not ride by the other's side, but kept always behind him? They answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them; and from that day to this I have never forgotten it."—"You are in the right," said Don Quixote; "and in the same manner you may carry about your barber. You may be the first earl who carried about his barber after him; and, indeed, it is a greater trust to shave the beard than to saddle a horse."—"Leave the business of the barber to my care," said Sancho; "and let it be your worship's to procure yourself to be a king, and to make me an earl."—"So it shall be," answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his eyes, he saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all hand-cuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. Sancho Panza espying them, said, "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys."—"How! persons forced?" quoth Don Quixote; "is it possible the king should force anybody?"—"I say not so," answered Sancho; "but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the king in the galleys per force."—"In short," replied Don Quixote, "however it be, still they are going by force, and not with their own liking."—"It is so," said Sancho. "Then," said his master,

"Here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable."—"Consider, sir," answered Sancho, "that justice, that is, the king himself, does no violence or injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes."

By this, the chain of galley-slaves was come up ; and Don Quixote, in most courteous terms, desired of the guard that they would be pleased to tell him why they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered that they were slaves going to the galleys, which was all he could say, or the other need know, of the matter. "For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I should be glad to know from each of them the cause of his misfortune." Whereupon the other mounted-guard bid him ask them, if he liked. Don Quixote therefore asked the first slave why he was chained in that gang ; who made answer :—"For being so deeply in love with a basket of fine linen, and sticking so fast to it." The second was there for cattle-stealing ; the third, fourth, and fifth, had each his own crimes to confess ; but the last of the lot was so much more heavily chained than his companions that the knight could not help inquiring the reason of it, and was told by one of the guards that this man was a noted robber, Gines de Passamonte by name, who had committed more villainies than all the rest put together ; therefore, to prevent his escape, he was thus heavily ironed.

Gines was impudent enough in reply ; but just as the guard was going to lay his cudgel on his shoulders, Don Quixote interfered, desiring him to be quiet. Then turning to the criminals, he said, "From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather that you do not much relish the punishment you are going to suffer—that you go to it much against the grain ; and it is possible, after all, that you have had scant justice done you. Indeed, I am so persuaded that this is the case, that my mind prompts, and even compels me, to show in you the effect for which Heaven ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the mighty. Yet, knowing that

it is but prudence not to do by foul means that which maybe done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen who guard you that they will be pleased to loose, and let you go in peace; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature have made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added he, "these poor men have committed no offence against you; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others. I request this of you, in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance; but if you do it not willingly, this lance, and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it."—"This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary; "he would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, signor, and adjust that basin on your noddle, and do not go seeking for three legs in a cat."—"You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot," answered Don Quixote; and so, with a word and a blow, attacked him so suddenly that, before the man could stand upon his defence, he was thrown to the ground, much wounded with the thrust of the lance. And it happened luckily for Don Quixote that this was one of the two who carried firelocks. The rest of the guard were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but recovering themselves, fell upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity which offered itself to them of recovering their liberty, had not procured it by breaking the chain with which they were linked together. The hurry was such that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in loosing Gines de Passamonte; who, setting upon the fallen commissary, took away his sword and gun, with which, levelling it first at one and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte's gun, than from the shower of stones which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened ; for he imagined that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the officers of justice, who would sally out in quest of the delinquents ; so he begged his master to be gone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. "It is well," said Don Quixote ; "but I know what is now proper to be done." Then having called all the slaves together, who were in a fright, and had stripped the commissary to his skin, they gathered in a ring about him, to know his pleasure ; when he thus addressed them : "To be thankful for benefits received, is the property of persons well-born ; and one of the worst sins is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have already found the benefit you have received at my hands ; in recompense whereof, my will and pleasure is, that, loaden with this chain, which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately go to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her 'Knight of the Sorrowful Figure' sends you to present his service to her ; and recount to her every tittle and circumstance of this memorable adventure, to the point of setting you at your wished-for liberty ; this done, you may go whither you list."

Gines de Passamonte answered for them all, and said, "What your worship commands us, noble sir, is impossible, for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the officers of justice, who, doubtless, will be out in quest of us. What your worship may, and ought to do, is to change this service and duty to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso into something easier ; but to think that we will now take our chains, and put ourselves on the way to Toboso, is to expect pears from an elm-tree."—"I vow then," said Don Quixote, already enraged, "Don, son of a Crab-tree, Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or however you call yourself, you alone shall go, like a whipped cur, and the whole chain upon your back." Passamonte, seeing himself treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades ; and they all, stepping aside, began to rain

such a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler ; and poor Rozinante made no more of the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho got behind his ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the storm that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself so well, but that he received I know not how many thumps, with such force, that they brought him to the ground ; and scarce was he fallen, when one of the gang set upon him, and, taking the basin from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his trousers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from Sancho his cloak, leaving him in his doublet ; and sharing among themselves the spoils of the battle, made the best of their way off, each a different road, with more care how to escape the officers of justice, than to load themselves with the chain, and go and present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves ; the ass hanging his head, pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about his head ; Rozinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone ; Sancho in his doublet, and afraid of the officers ; and Don Quixote very much out of humour, to find himself so ill-treated by those very persons to whom he had done so much good.

Don Quixote, finding himself so ill-treated, said to his squire, " Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows, is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble ; but it is done, and I must take warning from henceforward." " Your worship will as much take warning," answered Sancho, " as I am a Turk ; but since you say that, if you had believed me, you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater ; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the

officers with chivalries : they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world ; and know, that I fancy already I hear their staves whistling about my ears.”—“Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “but that you may not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will, for once, take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury you fear so much ; but upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell anybody that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril, out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your entreaties ; for, if you say otherwise, you will lie in so doing ; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you, you lie, and will lie every time you say or think it ; and reply no more.”—“Sir,” answered Sancho, “retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom, when the danger overbalances the hope ; and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know, though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct ; therefore, repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rozinante if you can, and if not, I will assist you ; and follow me ; for my noddle tells me that for the present we have more need of heels than hands.” Don Quixote mounted, without replying a word more ; and, Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the Sierra Morena ; getting that night into the heart of it, where Sancho thought it convenient to pass the night, and also some days, at least as long as the provisions he had with him lasted ; so they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidst abundance of cork trees. But it so fell out that Gines de Passamonte, the famous cheat and robber, whom the valour and madness of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the officers of justice, took it into his head to hide himself in those very mountains, in the same place where Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had just fallen asleep. Gines, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza’s ass, making no account of Rozinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. The two,

well tired with their late skirmish, slept as soundly as though they had four feather-beds under them ; Don Quixote mounted, and leaning on his lance ; the squire, sitting on his ass, whose pack-saddle the thief contrived to prop up with four strong stakes, and then adroitly drew the beast from under it, without waking Sancho, who was left still sitting there, sweetly asleep, and in entire ignorance of his loss.

Morning came, rejoicing the earth, and saddening Sancho Panza, who missed his Dapple, and, finding himself deprived of him, began the dolefullest lamentation in the world ; so loud it was, that Don Quixote awaked at his cries, and heard him say, " Oh, my child, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and lastly, the half of my maintenance ! for, with six and twenty farthings I earned every day by thy means, I half supported my family." Don Quixote, hearing the lamentation, comforted Sancho, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five he had left at home. Sancho was consoled herewith, wiped away his tears, and thanked his master for the kindness he showed him ; and then, sitting sideways upon his beast, jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and stuffing to his heart's content.

CHAPTER VII.

Don Quixote does penance in the Sierra Morena, or Sable Mountain—The Knight's letter to Dulcinea del Toboso—Sancho's account of his visit to Dulcinea, whom he had never seen.



WHILE Sancho was thus enjoying himself in his own way, he saw that his master had stopped, and, with the point of his lance, was endeavouring to raise some heavy bundle from the ground. He hastened to help him, and found to his great joy that it was an old, weather-beaten, torn portmanteau, containing plenty of fine linen-shirts, and other clothing, together with a good sum of money, and a small pocket-book. The money his master bade him keep for himself, the linen was stowed away in the provender-bag, the pocket-book fell to Don Quixote's own share; and, thanking Heaven for providing them with one profitable adventure, Sancho followed our knight into the most craggy part of the Sierra Morena. But, comforted as he was with the rich prize just secured, he was in a very ill humour; which vented itself at last in the following fashion:—"Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your worship's blessing, and my dismissal; for I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I shall at least have the privilege of talking and speaking my mind; for, to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes, night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. If fate had ordered it that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of Milk-sop, it had not been quite so bad; since I might then have

communed with my ass (if he were here), and thus have forgotten my ill-fortune ; for it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and brick-bat bangs, and, with all this, to sew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb.”—“ I understand you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “ you are impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on your tongue. Suppose it taken off, and say what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering among these craggy rocks.”—“ Be it so,” said Sancho ; and he forthwith availed himself of this permission pretty liberally, by lecturing his master upon what he was pleased to term his want of discretion and common sense. But the knight put him down sharply, bidding him hold his tongue, mind his own business, and thenceforward not meddle with what did not concern him ; adding decisively, “ Know you, with all your five senses, that whatever I have done, do, or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights in the world.” He then informed his squire that in seeking this wild spot, his intention was herein to imitate some of the valiant knights of old who, disdained by their lady-loves, retired to some lonely place, and there spent the time either in weeping, sighing, and praying, like Amadis de Gaul, or in madly wreaking vengeance on all and everything around, like Orlando Furioso, by way of testifying their grief. Meanwhile Sancho was to carry a letter from him to the Lady Dulcinea, and bring back her answer, which would either release him from his penance, or, if it were unfavourable to his suit, make him mad in good earnest.

“ But tell me, Sancho,” he added, “ have you taken care of Mambrino’s helmet, which I saw you take off the ground, when that graceless fellow would have broken it to pieces, but could not ? whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper.” To which Sancho answered, “ Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, I cannot endure or bear with patience some things your worship

says ; they are enough to make me think that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things, according to the custom of knights-errant, must be mere vapour, and a lie, and all friction, or fiction, or how do you call it ? for, to hear you say that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in several days, what can one think but that he who says and affirms such a thing must be addle-brained ? I have the basin in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the use of my beard, if it please Heaven to restore me one time or other to my wife and children."—"Behold, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I swear that thou hast the shallowest brain that any squire has, or ever had, in the world. Is it possible, that in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive that all matters relating to knights-errant appear follies and extravagancies ? not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who alter and disguise all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleasure, as they are inclined to favour or distress us. Hence it is that this which appears to you a barber's basin, appears to me Mambrino's helmet, and to another will perhaps appear something else. And it was a singular foresight of the sage, my friend, to make that appear to everybody to be a basin which, really and truly, is Mambrino's helmet ; because, being of so great value, all the world would set upon me, in order to take it from me : but now that they take it for nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble themselves to get it ; as was evident in him who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off ; for, in faith, had he known what it was, he would never have left it. Take care of it, friend ; for I have no need of it at present : I rather think of putting off all my armour and clothes, in case I should have more mind to copy the knight Orlando in my penance than Amadís."

Thus saying they came to the foot of a steep rock, at whose base were green, delicious meadows, shaded by forest trees ; and here it was that the knight determined to perform his penance,

and lament the (supposed) cruelty of his lady. So bidding his squire observe, and scrupulously remember what he saw, in order that he might relate the same to her, who was the cause of it all, he alighted from Rozinante, in an instant took off his bridle and saddle; and, giving him a slap, said to him, "O steed! he gives thee liberty who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt."

Sancho observing all this, said, "Peace be with him who saved us the trouble of unsaddling Dapple; for, in faith, he should not have wanted a slap or a speech in his praise. But if he were here, I would not consent to his being unsaddled, for he had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master. And truly, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, if it be so that my departure and your madness go on in earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rozinante again, that he may supply the loss of my Dapple, and save me time in going and coming: for if I go on foot, I know not when I shall get thither, nor when return."—"Be it as you will," answered Don Quixote; "you shall depart within three days, for I intend in that time to show you what I do and say for her, that you may tell it her."—"What! have I more to see," said Sancho, "than what I have already seen?"—"You are very far from being perfect in the story," answered Don Quixote; "for I have not yet torn my garments scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks, with other things of the like sort, that will strike you with admiration."—"For goodness' sake," said Sancho, "have a care how you give yourself those knocks; for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky point of a rock, that at the first dash you may knock your brains out. And I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks of the head are necessary, you might content yourself—(since all is a fiction and a sham)—I say, you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond."—"I thank you for your good-will, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but I would have you to know that all these things that I do are not in jest, but very good earnest; for, otherwise, it would be to

transgress the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lie at all, on pain of being punished as apostates; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. And therefore my knocks on the head must be real, substantial, and sound ones. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint to heal me, since fortune will have it that we have lost the balsam."—"It was worse to lose the ass," answered Sancho; "for, in losing him, we lost lint and everything else. And I beseech your worship not to put me in mind of that abominable drench; for, in barely hearing it mentioned, my very soul is turned upside-down, not to say my stomach. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beseech you, that they are already passed; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady;—and write you the letter, and despatch me quickly, for I long to come back and release your worship from this purgatory, wherein I leave you."

"Good," said the knight; "but how shall we contrive to write the letter?"—"And the ass-colt bill?" added Sancho. "Nothing shall be omitted," said Don Quixote; "and, since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax; though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present as with paper. But it may be as well to write it in that pocket-book, and you will take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper in the first town you come to where there is a schoolmaster; or, if there be none, any parish clerk will transcribe it for you."—"But what must we do about the signing it with your own hand?" said Sancho. "Letters of this sort are never subscribed," answered Don Quixote. "Very well," replied Sancho; "but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself; for, if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeited, and I shall loose the colts."—"The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book; and at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus: 'Yours, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.' And it is no great matter if it be in another hand; for, by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read; nor has she ever

seen writing of mine in her whole life. Nay, I have not seen her four times ; and perhaps of these four times, she may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reserve and strictness with which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up."

"Hey-day !" said Sancho, "what ! the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo ! is she the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso ?"—"It is even she," said Don Quixote ; "and she, who deserves to be mistress of the universe."—"I know her well," replied Sancho ; "and I can assure you she will pitch the bar with the stoutest fellow in the parish. Why, she is a mettled lass, tall, straight, and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant. Oh, the jade ! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has ! I remember she got one day upon the church steeple, to call some ploughmen, who were in her father's field ; and though they were half a mile off, they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower ; and the best of her is, that she makes a jest and a may-game of everybody. And I confess to your worship, Signor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been in a great error ; for I thought for certain that the Lady Dulcinea was some great princess, or at least some person of such great quality as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the Biscainer as that of the galley-slaves. But, all things considered, what good can it do the Lady Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, to have the vanquished, whom your worship sends or may send, fall upon their knees before her ? For who knows but, at the time they arrive, she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be ashamed to see her, and she may laugh at them ?"—"I have often told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thou art an eternal babbler, and, though void of wit, your bluntness often occasions smarting."

Don Quixote then pulled out the pocket-book, and, stepping aside, began very gravely to write the letter. When he had done, he called Sancho, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart, if he should chance to lose it by the way. To which Sancho answered, "Write it, sir, two or three

times in the book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully ; but to think that I can carry it in my memory, is nonsense ; for mine is so bad that I often forget my own name. Nevertheless, read it to me ; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one.”—“Listen then,” said Don Quixote.

Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

“SOVEREIGN AND HIGH LADY,

“The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, oh, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso ! sends that health to you which he wants himself. If your beauty despises me, and if your disdain still pursues me, though I am inured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction, which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire Sancho will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair, and my beloved enemy ! of the condition I am in for your sake. If it pleases you to relieve me, I am yours ; and if not, do what seems good to you ;—for, by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own love.

“Yours, until death,

“THE KNIGHT OF THE SORROWFUL FIGURE.”

“Well, I never !” said Sancho, hearing the letter ; “it is the best thing I ever heard. How curiously your worship expresses in it whatever you please ! and how excellently do you close all with ‘the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure !’ Verily, your worship is a witch, and there is nothing but what you know.”—“The profession I am of,” answered Don Quixote, “requires me to understand everything.”—“Well then,” said Sancho, “pray clap on the other side the leaf the bill for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight.”—“With all my heart,” said Don Quixote. And, having written it, he read as follows :—

“Dear niece, at sight of this my first bill of ass-colts, give order that three of the five I left at home be delivered to Sancho Panza, my squire.”

“It is mighty well,” said Sancho ; “pray sign it.”—“It wants

no signing," said Don Quixote ; " I need only put my cipher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three asses, but for three hundred."—" I rely upon your worship," answered Sancho . " let me go and saddle Rozinante, and prepare to give me your blessing ; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit ; and I will relate that I saw you act so many, that she can desire no more."—" At least, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " I would have you see, nay, it is necessary you should see me do a dozen or two of mad pranks ; I shall despatch them in less than half an hour."—" For goodness' sake, dear sir," said Sancho, " don't let me see your mad pranks, for I should not be able to forbear weeping. But setting aside all this, what is your worship to eat until my return ? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the shepherds ?"—" Trouble not yourself about that," answered Don Quixote ; " I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which this meadow and these trees will afford me ; for the very top and crown of my affair consists in not eating and other austerities." Then Sancho said, " Do you know, sir, what I fear ? that I shall not be able to find the way again to this place, where I leave you ; it is so concealed."—" Observe well the marks, for I will endeavour to be hercabouts," said Don Quixote, " and will, moreover, take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can discover you when you return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose yourself, will be to cut down some boughs of the trees here, and strew them as you go on, until you are got down into the plain, and they will serve as land-marks and tokens to find me by at your return."

" I will do so," answered Sancho Panza. And having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and, not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him. Then, mounting Rozinante, of whom Don Quixote gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing broom-boughs here and there, as his master had directed him ; though Don Quixote still importuned him to stay and see him perform

though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hundred paces, when he turned back and said, "Your worship, sir, said very well, that, in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience that I have seen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I should at least see you do one; though in truth I have seen a very great one already, in your staying here."—"Did I not tell you so?" said Don Quixote. "Stay but a moment, Sancho, I will despatch them in a twinkling." And with that he nimbly turned head over heels two or three times so briskly, as fully satisfied the squire that his master was, in truth, stark, staring mad.

When Sancho was fairly gone, our poor knight got to the top of a high rock; and sitting down there in melancholy mood—and only his shirt—began to consider how he would spend the time until the return of his squire. And as the result of his meditation was, that he would rather imitate Amadis than the Furioso, he descended to the plain, and there walking to and fro, gave himself up to sighing and wailing, and writing on the bark of trees, and in the fine sand, verses in praise of his Dulcinea: also in gathering herbs for his sustenance.

Meanwhile Sancho, on his way to Toboso, had got as far as the inn where the mishap of the blanketing had befallen him. At sight of it he already felt himself flying through the air again; but greatly desiring some warm food after the cold cheer he had so long been living on, he drew near it, when who in the world should he see but the priest and the barber of his own village—Don Quixote's old friends—who, coming up to him, asked where he had left his master. He replied that his master was doing a penance much to his mind in a certain mountain; and he himself was carrying a letter to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with whom his master was up to the ears in love. Feeling for it in his bosom, as he spoke, he found to his horror it was not there, for indeed the knight had forgotten to give it to him. He turned pale at the discovery, tore his beard, and gave himself half a dozen good cuffs on his nose and mouth, which caused the two to ask what was the matter that he handled himself so roughly. "Matter enough," answered

Sancho, "for I have lost, and let slip through my fingers, three ass-colts, each of them as stately as a castle."—"How so?" replied the barber. "I have lost the pocket-book," answered Sancho, "in which was the letter to Dulcinea, and a bill signed by my master, by which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home." And at the same time he recounted to them the loss of Dapple. The priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him that, when he saw his master, he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, since those that were written in pocket-books were never accepted, or complied with. Sancho was comforted by this, and said that, since it was so, he was in no great pain for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea, for he could almost say it by heart; so that they might write it down from his mouth, where and when they pleased. "Repeat it then, Sancho," said the barber, "and we will write it down afterwards." Then Sancho began to scratch his head, to bring the letter to his remembrance; and now stood upon one foot, and then upon the other; one while he looked down upon the ground, another up to the skies; and after he had bit off half a nail of one of his fingers, he said, after a very long pause, "Hang it, if I remember one bit of the letter; though at the beginning it said, 'High and subterranean lady.'"—"No," said the barber, "not subterranean, but super-humane, or sovereign lady."—"It was so," said Sancho. "Then if I do not mistake, it went on, 'the wounded, and the waking, and the smitten, kisses your honour's hands, ungrateful and regardless fair!' and then it said I know not what of 'health and sickness that he sent;' and so he went on, until at last he ended with 'thine, till death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.'"

They were both not a little pleased to see how good a memory Sancho had, and commended it much, desiring him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it again, and thrice he added three thousand other extravagancies. After this, he recounted also many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing

in the blanket, which had happened to himself in that inn, into which he refused to enter. He said likewise, how his lord, upon his carrying him back a kind despatch from his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to endeavour to become an emperor, or at least a king ; for so it was concerted between them two ; and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about, considering the worth of his person, and the strength of his arm. When this was accomplished, his master was to marry him (for by that time, he should, without doubt, be a widower), and to give him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the mainland, for, as to islands, he was quite out of conceit with them. Sancho said all this with so much gravity, ever and anon blowing his nose, that they were struck with fresh admiration at the powerful influence of Don Quixote's madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to set him right, preferring to be amused by his follies ; so they just told him that it was, as he said, very probable that his master might become an emperor, or an archbishop at least. Sancho did not much like the idea of his master becoming an archbishop, as he feared that in that case his own reward, as an unlearned man, who could not even say his A B C, would not be so much to his mind. But his friends (who thoroughly enjoyed the fun of the poor squire's simplicity) assured him that they would urge Don Quixote to be an emperor or king instead ; which would also be better for himself, he being more of a soldier than a scholar. Then going into the inn, where Sancho dared not follow, though he did not think proper to tell them why, they sent out, at his request, some meat for himself, and barley for Rozinante ; and then laid their heads together to devise some scheme for getting their crack-brained friend home again. The plan they hit upon was, that the barber should dress himself up, and pretend to be an afflicted damsel, who desired Don Quixote's help to redress wrongs done to her by a discourteous knight, or giant, for which purpose he was to follow whithersoever she pleased to lead ; the priest being also disguised as the damsel's squire.

The landlady, whom they took into their counsels, readily

lent them some clothes ; and, having equipped themselves, they set forth to find the knight ; the one, in a petticoat trimmed with slashed black velvet, green velvet waistcoat, broad-brimmed hat, wrapped up in a large cloak, and riding his mule sideways, like a woman ; the other, as squire, having his face hidden with a huge grizzled beard, made of the tail of an ox.

Their plan was carried out better than they expected ; for, on approaching the scene of Don Quixote's penance, they came upon a beautiful maiden, who, disguised as a peasant boy, sat beneath an ash-tree, washing her feet in the stream. This maiden, whose name was Dorothea, hearing of their device for inducing Don Quixote to return to his home, offered herself to play the part of distressed damsel : an offer which they gladly accepted, for Sancho, who had been sent on first, had just returned, saying that he had found his master feeble and worn out, nearly dead with hunger, but still sighing for his Dulcinea. But it was needful to deceive the simple squire as well as his master ; so, to help out their friendly plot, they told him that the lady was the Princess Micomicona, heiress to a mighty kingdom in Ethiopia, who was travelling to request a great boon from the renowned Don Quixote. Sancho fell into the trap as readily as though he had been a mouse, and smelled toasted cheese ; heartily expressing his own wish that when his master had righted the princess—as, of course, he would—he would marry her immediately, and so be in a position to reward his squire with that earldom, or government, which had been promised him. “ Like master, like man,” thought the priest ; and at once went to work, sending off Dorothea, and the barber, with his huge beard, to where our weather-beaten knight was to be found. Sancho guided them ; and finding Don Quixote by that time clothed, though not armed, the maiden threw herself at his feet, entreating him, as a valourous knight, to avenge her wrongs, slay the giant that kept her out of her dominions, and, to ensure his performance of this, that he should solemnly promise not to engage in any other adventure until this one should be achieved.

Don Quixote chivalrously granted her request as soon as preferred; and was in haste to be gone about it. So Sancho helped his master to put on his armour, took down his shield and lance and sword, which hung upon a tree, and mounted him on Rozinante; the barber laughing so, that he had much ado to keep his beard from falling off, which would have spoiled all. They then set out, being presently joined by the priest, and ambled along pleasantly, only that Don Quixote got so out of patience with Sancho's advising him to marry this lady-princess, and think no more of Dulcinea, that he lifted up his lance, and, without one word of warning, gave him two or three such blows as laid him flat; and, but for Dorothea's entreaty, would have well-nigh made an end of him.

Peace being made between the two, they continued their journey as before, until they met what seemed to be a gipsy, riding on an ass. But Sancho's sharp eyes finding out that this gipsy was the thief Gines de Passamonte, and the ass his own dear Dapple, whom that thief of thieves had stolen, ran up, crying out, "Ah, rogue, leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my delight; fly, beast, get you gone, thief, and yield what is not your own!" There was no need for more. At the first word Gines jumped down, took to his heels, and was out of sight in a moment; whilst Sancho embraced, kissed, and caressed his dearest Dapple, bestowing on him all manner of endearments, as though he had been a human being; and presently thanking his master, who assured him that though he had got his own beast back, he should not, for that, lose the three ass colts.

He then began to question Sancho about his visit to the Lady Dulcinea,—where he found her, what she was doing, how she looked when she read the letter, who wrote it out, and other things of the sort. To which Sancho replied, that having left the letter behind him (as his worship knew), he had repeated it to a parish clerk, who admired it greatly, and wrote it out from his lips. "And have you it still by heart?" said Don Quixote. "No, sir," replied Sancho, "for after I had delivered it, I forgot it on purpose; and, if I remember aught

of it, it is the 'high and subterranc lady,' and the conclusion, 'thine, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure;' and, between these two, I put above three hundred 'souls,' and 'lives,' and 'dear eyes!'"—"All this does not displease me," said Don Quixote. "You arrived; and what was that queen of beauty doing? Without doubt, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight."—"No, I did not," answered Sancho; "but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a backyard of her house."—"Then make account," said Don Quixote, "that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort?"—"It was neither," answered Sancho, "but of the reddish kind."—"Be assured, however," said Don Quixote, "that, when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet bread; but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it reverentially upon her head? or what did she do?"—"When I was going to give it her," answered Sancho, "she was very busy in winnowing a good sieveful of the wheat; and she said to me, 'Lay the letter, friend, upon that sack; for I cannot read it until I have done winnowing all that is here.'"—"Discreet lady!" said Don Quixote; "this was, to be sure, that she might read it, and entertain herself with it, at leisure. Proceed, Sancho. While she was thus employed, what did she inquire of you concerning me? and what did you answer? Tell it me all; leave nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn."—"She asked me nothing," said Sancho; "but I told her how your worship was doing penance, for her service, among these rocks, as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, weeping and cursing your fortune."—"In saying that I cursed my fortune, you said amiss," said Don Quixote: "I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso."—"So high indeed," answered Sancho, "that, in good faith, she is a handfull taller than I am."—"Why, how, Sancho," said Don Quixote,

“have you measured with her?”—“I measured thus,” answered Sancho: “as I was helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close, that I perceived she was taller than I by more than a full span.”—“Well, then,” continued Don Quixote, “she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do when she had read the letter?”—“The letter,” said Sancho, “she did not read; for she told me she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying she would not give it to anybody to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough: lastly, she bid me tell your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she remained with greater desire to see you than to write to you; and therefore she humbly entreated and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit those brakes and bushes, leave off those foolish extravagancies, and set off immediately for Toboso, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene; for she had a mighty mind to see your worship. She laughed heartily when I told her how you called yourself the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. I asked her whether the Biscainer of t’other day had been there with her; she told me he had, and that he was a very honest fellow. I asked her also after the galley-slaves; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them.”—“All goes well as yet,” said Don Quixote. “But, tell me, what jewel did she give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me? For it is a usual and an ancient custom among knights, and ladies-errant, to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels, or dwarfs who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgment for their welcome news.”—“Very likely,” said Sancho; “and a very good custom it was; but, now-a-days, the custom is to give only a bit of bread and cheese; for that was what my Lady Dulcinea gave me over the pales of the yard when she dismissed me; by the same token that the cheese was made of sheep’s milk.”—“She is extremely gener-

ous," said Don Quixote ; "and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be because she had not one about her."

"But now, what would you advise me to do as to what my lady commands me, about going to see her? For, though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myself, at present, under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to grant the princess, who is now with us. What I propose is, to get quickly to the place where this giant is, and, presently after my arrival, cut off his head, settle the princess peaceably in her kingdom, and that instant to return and see that sun that enlightens my senses ; to whom I will make such an excuse, that she shall allow my delay was necessary : for she will perceive that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win, or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me, and from my being hers."—"Ah!" said Sancho, "how is your worship disordered in your head! Pray, tell me, sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? and will you let slip a match like this, when the dowry is a kingdom which, as I have heard say, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, and bigger than Portugal and Castile together? For goodness' sake, say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already, and follow my advice and pardon me, and be married out of hand. And pray, take notice, I am of age to give advice ; and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you : for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing ; and he that may have good if he will, it is his own fault if he chooses ill."—"Look you, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "if you advise me to marry, that, by killing the giant, I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you, by giving you what I promised you, I would have you to know that, without marrying, I can easily gratify your desire : for I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that, upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the princess, I shall be entitled to a part of the kingdom, to bestow it on whom I please ; and, when I have it, to whom do you think I should give it but to yourself?"—

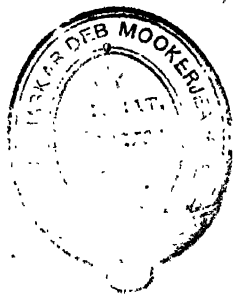
"That is clear," answered Sancho ; " but pray, sir, take care to choose it toward the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and make slaves of them to my profit. • And trouble not yourself to go and see my Lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business at once."—" You are in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; " and I take your advice as to going first with the princess, before I go to see Dulcinea." Presently they halted a while to eat something ; much to the satisfaction of Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies, and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping ; for, though he knew Dulcinea was a farmer's daughter of Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life.

While they were thus employed, a young lad happened to pass by, who, looking very earnestly at those who were at the fountain, presently ran to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, fell a-weeping in good earnest, and said, " Ah ! dear sir, does not your worship know me ? I am Andres, the lad whom you delivered from the oak to which I was tied." Don Quixote knew him again, and, taking him by the hand, turned to the company, saying, " To convince you of what importance it is that there should be knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men, you must know, good people, that, a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, as of some person in affliction and distress. I hastened immediately, prompted by my duty, towards the place from which the voice seemed to come : and I found, tied to an oak, this lad whom you see here, naked from the waist upward, and a country-fellow, whom I afterwards found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle ; and, as soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity. On which this boy said, ' Sir, he whips me only because I ask him for my wages.' The master replied with I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not

admit. In short, I made him untie the boy, and swear to take him home, and pay him every penny down upon the nail. Is not all this true, son Andres?"—"All that your worship has said is very true," answered the lad; "but the business ended quite otherwise than you imagine."—"How otherwise?" replied Don Quixote. "Did not the rustic instantly pay you?"—"He not only did not pay me," answered the boy, "but as soon as your worship was got out of the wood, and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and flogged me handsomely; and, at every fresh lash he gave me, he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your worship, at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In short, he laid on me in such a manner, that I have been ever since in an hospital. And your worship is in the fault of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come where you were not called, nor meddled with other folks' business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me what he owed me. But by your worship's abusing him so unmercifully, and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and, not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him, but he discharged the tempest upon me in such sort, that I shall never be a man again while I live."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "was in my going away. I should not have stirred until I had seen you paid; for I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word, if he finds it inconvenient for him so to do. But you may remember, Andres, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in a key-hole."—"I do not depend upon these oaths," said Andres; "I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville than all the revenges in the world. If you have anything to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and blessings be on your worship, and all knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themselves as they have been to me." Sancho pulled a piece of bread, and another of cheese, out of his knapsack, and giving it to the lad, said to him, "Here, brother Andres,

we all have a share in your misfortune."—"Why, what share have you in it?" said Andres. "This piece of bread and cheese which I give you," answered Sancho: "goodness knows whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger, and to ill luck, and to other things too, which are more easily conceived than told." Andres laid hold on the bread and cheese, and, seeing that nobody else gave him anything, made his bow, and marched off. It is true that he said, at parting, to Don Quixote, "I say, Signor Knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though you see they are beating me to pieces, don't you succour or assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great, but a greater will follow from your worship's aid. A plague on you! and upon all the knights-errant that ever were born in the world!" Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him, but he fell a-running so fast, that nobody offered to pursue him. The knight was mightily abashed at Andres's story; and the rest were forced to refrain, though with some difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.



CHAPTER VIII.

Adventure with the wine-skins—Don Quixote's discourse on learning and arms—Trick played upon him at the inn—Dispute concerning Mambrino's helmet and the pack-saddle.

NEXT day they arrived at the inn where Sancho had had his blanketing; and Don Quixote, being much worn out, went to bed at once in the large room where he had before lain. The rest, after they had finished supper, entertained themselves with telling stories, in the midst of which they were interrupted by Sancho, all in a fright, crying aloud, "Run, sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest and closest battle my eyes have ever beheld. He already has given the giant, that enemy of the Princess Micomicona, such a stroke, that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if it had been a turnip."—"What say you, brother?" said the priest. "Are you in your senses, Sancho? How can it be, seeing the giant is two thousand leagues off?" At that instant they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote calling aloud, "Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue; for here I have you, and your scimitar shall avail you nothing." And it seemed as if he gave several hacks and slashes against the walls. "Do not stand listening," said Sancho; "but go in and part them, or aid my master: though by this time there will be no occasion; doubtless the giant is already dead; for I saw the blood run

about the floor, and the head cut off, and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin."—"I will be hanged," cried the innkeeper, "if Don Quixote, or Don Fool, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins that stand at his bed's head; and the wine he has let out must be what this honest fellow takes for blood." So saying, he went into the room, and the whole company after him; and they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt and night-cap: about his left arm he had twisted the bed-blanket (to which Sancho owed a grudge, and he very well knew why), and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides, uttering words as if he had really been fighting with some giant; and the best of it was, his eyes were shut, for he was fast asleep, and, dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant, had given the skins so many cuts, that the whole room was afloat with wine. The innkeeper, perceiving it, fell into such a rage, that he set upon Don Quixote, and, with his clenched fists, gave him so many cuffs that, if two of them had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant; yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake until the barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and soused it all over his body at a dash; whereat the knight awaked, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the plight he was in. Sancho searched all about the floor for the head of the giant; and not finding it, said, "Well, I see plainly that everything about this house is enchantment; for, the time before, in this very same place where I now am, I had several punches and thumps given me, without knowing from whence they came, or seeing anybody; and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, as well as the blood spouting from the body like any fountain."—"What blood? and what fountain? thou enemy to all decent people!" said the innkeeper. "Dost thou not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish him at Jericho that pierced them!"—"I know nothing," said Sancho; "only that I should be so unfor-

fortunate that, for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water." Now Sancho awake, was madder than his master asleep; so besotted was he with the promises he had made him. The innkeeper lost all patience to see the squire's indifference, and the knight's wicked handiwork; and he protested they should not escape, as they did the time before, without paying; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the torn skins.

The priest held Don Quixote by the hands, who, imagining he had finished the adventure, and that he was in the presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before him saying, "High and renowned lady, well may your grandeur from this day forward live more secure, now that this ill-born creature can do you no hurt: and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since, through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished it." — "Did I not tell you so?" cried Sancho, hearing this; "so that I was not drunk: see, if my master has not already put the giant in pickle: my earldom is cock-sure." At this all laughed except the innkeeper, who wished himself a thousand miles off. But, at length, the barber and the priest, with much ado, threw Don Quixote on the bed, who fell fast asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep on, and went out to the inn-door, to comfort Sancho for not finding the giant's head: though they had most to do to pacify the innkeeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess muttered, and said, "In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this knight-errant into my house. Oh that my eyes had never seen him! he has been a dear guest to me. The last time, he went away with a night's reckoning for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer (evil adventures befall him, and all the adventurers in the world!) and that therefore he was not obliged to pay anything; for so it was written in the registers of knight-errantry; and after all, to rip open my skins, and let out my wine! But let him not think to

escape ; for, hang it ! they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, or be my own father's daughter." The hostess said all this, and more, in great wrath ; and honest Maritornes, her maid, seconded her. The priest quieted all, promising to make the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine ; and Dorothea comforted Sancho Panza, telling him that, whenever it should really appear that his master had cut off the giant's head, she promised, when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. Herewith, Sancho was comforted, and assured the princess she might depend upon it that he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle ; and if it was not to be found, it was because everything passed in that house by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. Dorothea said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain ; for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire.

While these things were going on, a company of travellers came up to the inn ; and among these, by some strange chance, was a nobleman, to whom Dorothea was to have been presently married, but that a quarrel had risen up between them. Now, however, they speedily made friends again, and everybody was pleased except Sancho, who, with dismal looks, went in to his master, who was then awake, to whom he said, "Your worship may very well sleep your fill, Signor Sorrowful Figure, without troubling yourself about killing any giant, or restoring the princess to her kingdom ; for all is done and over already."—"I verily believe it," answered Don Quixote ; "for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant that ever I believe I shall have in all the days of my life ; and with one back-stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran along the ground, as if it had been water."—"As if it had been red wine, your worship might better say," answered Sancho ; "for I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced skin ; and the blood, eighteen

gallons of red wine contained in its inside ; and the head cut off is—the dickens ! and all the rest of it !”—“What is it you say, fool ?” replied Don Quixote. “Are you in your senses ?”—“Pray, get up, sir,” said Sancho, “and you will see what a fine piece of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay ; and you will see the queen converted into a private lady called Dorothea, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will astonish you.”—“I shall wonder at nothing of all this,” replied Don Quixote ; “for, if you remember, well, the last time we were here, I told you that all things in this place went by enchantment, and it would be no wonder if it should be so now.”—“I should believe so too,” answered Sancho, “if my being tossed in a blanket had been a matter of this nature ; but it was downright real and true ; and I saw that the inn-keeper, who was here this very day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me toward heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force ; and where it happens that we know persons, in my opinion, though simple and a sinner, there is no enchantment at all, but much misusage and much mishap.”—“Well, time will remedy it,” said Don Quixote ; “give me my clothes, that I may go and see the accidents and transformations you talk of.”

Sancho reached him his clothes ; and presently the knight sallied forth, completely armed ; Mambrino’s helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and resting on his saplin or lance. Then fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, he said, “I am informed, fair lady, by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and that, from a queen and great lady, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by the order of the necromantic king, your father, out of fear lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade ; and that he is but little versed in the histories of knight-errantry ; for had he read and considered them, as attentively, and as much at leisure, as I have read and considered them, he would have found, at every turn, how other knights, of a great deal less fame than myself, have achieved matters

much more difficult, it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, be he never so arrogant ; for not many hours are past since I had a bout with one myself, and—I say no more, lest I should be thought to lie ; but time, the revealer of all things, will tell it when we least think of it.”—“ It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant,” said the innkeeper. But the knight, not heeding him, went on, saying, “ I say, in fine, high and disinherited lady, that if, for the cause aforesaid, your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it at all ; for there is no danger upon earth through which my sword shall not force a way, and, by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days.”

He said no more, but awaited the princess's answer ; who replied to him, “ Whoever told you, valorous ‘ Knight of the Sorrowful Figure,’ that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth ; for I am the same to-day that I was yesterday. So that, dear sir, to-morrow morning let us set forward on our journey ; and for the rest of the good success I expect, I depend entirely on your valour.”

Upon this, Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and, with an angry air, said to him, “ I tell thee now, little Sancho, that thou art the greatest little rascal in all Spain. Tell me, thief, vagabond, didst thou not tell me just now that this princess was transformed into a damsel called Dorothea, and that the head which, as I take it, I lopped off from the giant, was the dickens, and all the rest of it, with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in all the days of my life ? I vow I have a great mind to make such a havoc of thee as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of knights-errant that shall be from henceforward in the world.”—“ Pray, dear sir, be pacified,” answered Sancho ; “ for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of madam the Princess Micomicona ; but as to the giant's head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood's being but red wine, I am not deceived ; for the skins yonder at your worship's bed's head are cut and slashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond ;

and if not, it will be seen before long ; I mean, you will find it when his worship Signor Innkeeper here demands damages."—" I tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " thou art an ass ; forgive me, that 's enough."

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and the innkeeper had taken care to provide a collation for his guests, which being now ready, they all sat down at a long table. They gave the upper end and principal seat (though he would have declined it) to Don Quixote, who would needs have the Lady Micomicona sit next him, as being her champion. The others placed themselves in order ; and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction ; and it gave them an additional pleasure to hear Don Quixote, who, instead of eating, spoke as follows :—

" In truth, gentlemen, great and unheard-of things do they see who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one thinks otherwise, let me ask him what man living, that should now enter at this castle-gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are ? Who could say that this lady, sitting here by my side, is that great queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame ? Away with those who say that letters have the advantage over arms. For the reason they usually give is, that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised by the body alone ; as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength ; or as if in this, which we, who profess it, call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good understanding to execute them ; or as if the mind of the warrior, who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his understanding as well as his body. If not, let us see how, by mere bodily strength, he will be able to penetrate into the designs of the enemy, to form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten : for all these things are acts of the understanding, in which the body has no share at all. It being so, then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind

labours most, the scholar's or the warrior's. Now the end and design of letters (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim the raising and conducting souls to heaven, for to an end so endless as this no other can be compared,—I speak of human learning, whose end, I say) is to regulate distributive justice, and give to every man his due; to know good laws, and cause them to be strictly observed—an end most certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but not equal to that which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose object and end is peace, the greatest blessing men can wish for in this life. Accordingly, the first good news the world and men received was what the angels brought on that night which was our day, when they sang in the clouds, 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, and good-will towards men;' and the salutation which the best Master of earth or heaven taught His followers and disciples, was, that when they entered into any house, they should say, 'Peace be to this house;' and many other times He said, 'My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you; peace be amongst you.' A jewel and a legacy worthy of coming from such a hand! a jewel, without which there can be no happiness either in earth or in heaven! This peace is the true end of war; for to say arms or war, is the same thing. Granting, therefore, this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us come now to the bodily labours of the scholar, and to those of the professor of arms, and let us see which are the greatest.

"I say, then, that the hardships of the scholar are these: In the first place, poverty; not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible; and when I have said that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be said to show his misery; for he who is poor is destitute of everything. But notwithstanding all this, it is not so great but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, or of the rich man's scraps and leavings, or, which is the scholar's greatest misery, by going a-begging. Neither do they always want a fire-side or chimney-corner of some other person, which, if it does not quite

warm them, at least abates their extreme cold ; and lastly, at night they sleep somewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, or the thinness and threadbareness of their clothes. By this painful way they arrive to the degree they desire ; which being attained, we have seen many who, from a chair, command and govern the world ; their hunger converted into fulness, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their sleeping on a mat to reposing in fine linen and damask. But their hardships fall far short of those of the warrior, as I shall presently show. Since, in speaking of the scholar, we began with his poverty, let us see whether the soldier be richer ; and we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer ; for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never ; or else on what he can pilfer, with great peril of his life and conscience. And sometimes his nakedness is such, that his laced-jacket serves him both for finery and shirt ; and, in the midst of winter, being in the open field, he has nothing to warm him but the breath of his mouth which, issuing from an empty place, must needs come out cold. But let us wait until night, and see whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniences ; and that, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness : for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose, now, the day and hour come of taking the degree of his profession,—I say, suppose the day of battle come, and then his academical cap will be of lint, to cure some wound made by a musket-shot which, perhaps, has gone through his temples, or lamed him a leg or an arm. And though this should not happen, but merciful Heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he shall remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before ; and there must happen a second and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get anything considerable by it. But these miracles are seldom seen. And tell me, gentlemen, how much fewer are they who are rewarded for their services in war, than those who have perished

in it? Doubtless there is no comparison between the numbers; the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas those who live, and are rewarded, may be numbered with three figures. All this is quite otherwise with scholars, who are all handsomely provided for. Thus, though the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less.

“But let us return to the pre-eminence of arms over letters. By arms kingdoms are preserved, cities are guarded, highways are secured, and the seas are cleared from corsairs and pirates,—in short, were it not for them, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journeys by land, and voyages by sea, would be subject to the cruelties and confusion which war carries along with it while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its privileges and its power. Besides, it is past dispute that what costs most the attaining is, and ought to be, most esteemed. Now, in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning, it costs time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness of the stomach, and other such like inconveniences, as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to rise gradually to be a good soldier costs him all it can cost the scholar, and that in so much a greater degree, that there is no comparison, since at every step he is in imminent danger of his life. And what dread of necessity and poverty can affect or distress a scholar equal to that which a soldier feels, who, being besieged in some fortress, and placed as a sentinel, perceives that the enemy is mining towards the place where he stands, and yet must on no account stir from his post, or shun the danger that so nearly threatens him? All that he can do, in such a case, is to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may remedy it by some countermine; and, in the meantime, he must stand his ground, fearing and expecting when of a sudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then descend headlong to the deep against his will. And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two galleys, prow to prow, in the midst of the wide sea; which, being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beak-

head: and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and small-arms pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body—and though he knows that the first slip of his foot will send him to the bottom, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours by that narrow pass to force his way into the enemy's vessel. And what is most to be admired is, that scarce is one fallen, whence he cannot arise until the end of the world, when another takes his place; and if he also fall into the sea, which lies in wait for him, like an enemy, another and another succeeds, without any intermission between their deaths; an instance of bravery and intrepidity the greatest that is to be met with in all the extremities of war. A blessing on those happy ages, strangers to the dreadful fury of those horrible instruments of artillery! whose inventor, I verily believe, is now receiving the reward of his diabolical invention; by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest cavalier, and to which is owing, that, without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery which inflames and animates gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one who perhaps fled and was frightened at the very flash in the pan, and, in an instant, puts an end to the thoughts and life of him who deserved to have lived for many ages. And therefore, when I consider this, I could almost say, I repent of having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry in so detestable an age as this in which we live; for, though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned by the valour of my arm and edge of my sword over the face of the whole earth. But Heaven's will be done."

Don Quixote made this long harangue while the rest were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though Sancho Panza ever and anon desired him to mind his victuals, telling him he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased.

When day had fairly closed in, the company began to think about their nightcaps ; all but Don Quixote, who courteously offered to spend the night armed and mounted, outside, to guard the castle against attack, whilst the inmates slept. His offer was accepted with thanks by his mischievous friends, who forthwith left him to his solitary watch ; and presently all were at rest, with the exception of the innkeeper's daughter, and her maid Maritornes, who, knowing that the knight was standing without doors, armed and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to have a little pastime by overhearing some of his extravagant speeches.

Now, you must know that the inn had no windows towards the field, only a kind of spike-hole to the straw-loft, by which they took in or threw out their straw. At this hole, then, this pair of lasses planted themselves, and perceived that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning on his lance, and uttering every now and then such profound sighs, that one would think each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him also say, in a soft, soothing tone, "O my dear Lady Dulcinea del Toboso ! and what may your ladyship be now doing ? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, merely for thy sake ? O thou hornèd luminary ! bring me tidings of her : perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she is walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, considering how she may assuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her sake ; or perhaps considering what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, and what reward on my services. And thou, sun, who by this time must be hastening to harness thy steeds, to come abroad early and visit my mistress, I entreat thee, as soon as thou seest her, salute her in my name : but beware when thou seest and salutest her, that thou dost not kiss her face ; for I shall be jealous of thee."

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his piteous soliloquy, when the innkeeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say, "Sir, pray come a little this way, if you please" At

which Don Quixote turned his head, and perceiving by the light of the moon, which then shone very bright, that somebody called him from the spike-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, fit for rich castles, such as he fancied the inn to be, it instantly came again into his mad imagination that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, was irresistibly in love with him. With this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rozinante about, and came up to the hole ; and, as soon as he saw the two girls, said, " I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your inclinations where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, such as your great worth and beauty deserve ; yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured knight, whom love has made incapable of engaging his affections to any other than to her whom, the moment he laid his eyes on her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire to your chamber ; and if there be anything, save my love, which I can yield to your commands, I swear to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even the sunbeams enclosed in a veil."—" Sir," said Maritornes, " my lady wants nothing of all this."—" What is it then your lady wants, discreet Duenna ?" answered Don Quixote. " Only one of your beautiful hands," said Maritornes, " whereby partly to satisfy that longing which brought her to this window, so much to her peril that, if her lord and father should come to know it, the least slice he would whip off would be one of her ears."—" I would fain see that," answered Don Quixote. " He had best have a care what he does, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his beloved daughter." Maritornes made no doubt but Don Quixote would give his hand, as they had desired ; and so, resolving with herself what she would do, she went down into the stable, from whence she took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass, and returned very speedily to her spike-hole, just as Don Quixote had got upon Rozinante's saddle to reach the gilded window, where he imagined the damsel stood ; and, at giving her his hand, he said

“Take, madam, this hand, or rather this chastiser of the evil-doers of the world ; which no woman’s hand ever touched before. I do not give it, you to kiss, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of that arm which has such a hand.”—“We shall soon see that,” said Maritornes ; and making a running-knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist, then descending from the hole, tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft. Don Quixote, feeling the harshness of the rope about his wrist, said, “You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand : pray, do not treat it so roughly, since that is not to blame ; nor is it right to discharge the whole of your displeasure on so small a part.” But nobody heard a word of this, for, as soon as Maritornes had tied Don Quixote up, they both went away, ready to die with laughing, leaving him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose.

He stood, as has been said, upright on Rozinante, his arm within the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, in the utmost fear and dread that, if Rozinante stirred ever so little one way or other, he must remain hanging by the arm ; and therefore he durst not make the least movement, though he might well expect, from the sobriety and patience of Rozinante, that he would stand stock-still an entire century. In short, Don Quixote, finding himself tied, and that the ladies were gone, began presently to imagine that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as the time before, when, in that very same castle, the enchanted Moor of a carrier scoulded him. Then, within himself, he cursed his own inconsiderateness and indiscretion, since having come off so ill before, he had ventured to enter in a second time ; it being a rule with knights-errant that, when they have once tried an adventure, and cannot accomplish it, it is a sign of its not being reserved for them, but for somebody else, and therefore there is no necessity for them to try it a second time. However, he pulled his arm, to see if he could loose himself : but he was so fast tied, that all his

efforts were in vain. It is true, indeed, he pulled gently, ~~lest~~ Rozinante should stir ; and though he would fain have got into the saddle, and have sat down, he could not, but must stand up, or pull off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had any power ; and now he cursed his fortune. Then he exaggerated the loss the world would have of his presence, all the while he should stand there enchanted, as, without doubt, he believed he was. Then he bethought himself afresh of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. Then he called upon his good squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in sleep, and stretched upon his ass's pack-saddle, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of his own mother. Then he invoked the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife to help him ; then he called upon his special friend Urganda to assist him ; lastly, then the morning overtook him, so despairing and confounded, that he bellowed like a bull ; for, accounting himself enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal : and he was the more induced to believe it, seeing Rozinante budged not at all ; and he verily thought that himself and his horse must remain in that posture, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until some more sage enchanter should disenchant him.

But he was much mistaken in his belief ; for scarcely did the day begin to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutred, with carbines hanging at the pommels of their saddles. They called at the inn-door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard ; which Don Quixote perceiving, from the place where he still stood sentinel, he cried out, with an arrogant and loud voice, " Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle ; for t is very plain that, at such hours, they who are within are either asleep, or do not use to open the gates of their fortress until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon. Get farther off, and stay until clear daylight ; and then we shall see whether it is fit to open to you or no."—" What sort of a fortress or castle is this," said one of them, " to oblige us to observe all this ceremony ? If you are the innkeeper, make somebody open the door ; for we are

travellers, and only want to bait our horses, and go on, as we are in haste."—"Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an innkeeper?" answered Don Quixote. "I know not what you look like," answered the other; "but I am sure you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle."—"It is a castle," replied Don Quixote, "and one of the best in this whole province; and it has in it persons who have had sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their heads." The querist's comrades, tired with the dialogue between him and Don Quixote, now knocked again with greater violence, and in such a manner, that the innkeeper awaked, and all the rest of the people that were in the inn; and the host got up to ask who knocked.

Now it fell out that one of the strangers' horses came, in amiable mood, up to Rozinante, who could not but kindly poke his nose out to him in return; but scarce had he stirred a step, when Don Quixote's feet slipped, and, tumbling from the saddle, he had fallen to the ground, had he not hung by the arm. This put him to so much torture, that he fancied his wrist was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body; yet he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tip of his toes, which turned to his prejudice; for, feeling how little he wanted to set his feet to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it quite, roaring out so terribly, that the host in a fright opened the door hastily to see who it was that made those outcries; nor were the strangers less surprised. Maritornes, who was also waked by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw-loft, and, without anybody's seeing her, untied the halter, whereupon Don Quixote straight fell to the ground in sight of the innkeeper and the travellers who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him, that he so cried out? He, without answering a word, slipped the rope from his wrist, and raising himself up on his feet, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and, taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half-gallop, saying, "Whoever shall dare to affirm that I was fairly enchanted, provided my sovereign lady the Princess Micomicona gives me leave, I say he lies, and I challenge him to a single combat."

The new-comers were amazed at his words ; but the innkeeper removed their wonder by telling them who Don Quixote was, and that they should not mind him, for he was beside himself.

By this time it was broad day, which, together with the noise made by our knight, had raised the whole house. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor answered to his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage ; and could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage in any new enterprise until he had finished what he had promised, he would have attacked and made them answer him whether they would or no. As it was, he thought it best to be quiet ; and as daylight had lawfully released him from his guard, he re-entered the inn, where presently another brawl arose, owing to two guests, who had lodged there that night, attempting to go off without paying their reckoning. But the host laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their civil intention, that he provoked them to return him an answer with their fists ; which they did so roundly, that the poor innkeeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess and her daughter, seeing nobody so proper to succour him as Don Quixote, the daughter said to him, " Sir Knight, I beseech your valour to come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to mummy." To whom Don Quixote answered, very leisurely, and with much indifference, " Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from intermeddling in any other adventure until I have accomplished one I have already engaged my word for ; what I can do for you is this : do you run and bid your father maintain the fight as best he can, and in no wise suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the Princess Micomicona to relieve him in distress, which, if she grants me, rest assured I will bring him out of it."—" Humph," said Maritornes, who stood by, " before your worship can obtain the licence you talk of my master may be

killed.”—“Permit me, madam, to obtain the licence I speak of,” answered Don Quixote. And, without saying a word more, he went and knelt down before Dorothea, beseeching that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of that castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess gave it him very graciously ; and he presently, bracing on his target, and drawing his sword, ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still lugging and worrying the poor host ; but, when he came, he stopped short and stood irresolute, though Maritornes and the hostess asked him why he delayed succouring their master and husband. “I delay, said Don Quixote, “because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks ; but call hither my squire Sancho, for to him this defence and revenge does most properly belong.” This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about briskly, to the innkeeper’s cost, and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess, and her daughter, who were ready to run distracted to behold the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the injury then doing to their master, husband, and father.

Before long the innkeeper and his guests had made peace, more through the persuasion and arguments of Don Quixote than his threats, and he had been paid all he demanded. But at that very instant came into the inn the barber from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino’s helmet, and Sancho Panza the ass furniture, which he trucked for his own ; which barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied Sancho Panza, who was mending something about the pannel, and at once set upon him, saying, “Ah, mister thief, have I got you now ? Give me my basin and my pack-saddle with all the harness you robbed me of.” Sancho, finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held fast the pack-saddle, and with the other gave the barber such a thump as made his head ring. For all that the barber did not let go his hold ; on the contrary, he raised his voice in such a manner, that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise and scuffle, he crying out, “Help, in the king’s name, for this rogue and highway robber would murder me for endeavour-

ing to recover my own goods."—"You lie," answered Sancho; "I am no highway robber; my master Don Quixote won these spoils in fair war." Don Quixote was now present; and, not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both on the defensive and offensive, from thenceforward took him for a man of mettle, resolving in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well bestowed upon him.

Now, among other things which the barber said during the skirmish, "Gentlemen," said he, "this pack-saddle is certainly mine; I know it as if it were a child of my own; and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie; pray do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous; and moreover, by the same token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never hanselled, that was worth a crown." Here Don Quixote could not forbear thrusting himself between the two combatants; then, parting them, and making them lay down the pack-saddle on the ground in public view, he said, "Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a basin which was, is, and ever shall be, Mambrino's helmet; I won it in fair war, so am its right and lawful possessor. As to the pack-saddle, I intermeddle not: what I can say of that matter is, that my squire Sancho asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward's horse, to adorn his own withal; I gave him leave; he took them, and if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's pack-saddle, I can give no other reason for it but that common one, that these kinds of transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry; for confirmation of which, run, son Sancho, and fetch hither the helmet, which this honest man will needs have to be a basin."—"In faith, sir," said Sancho, "if we have no other proof of our cause but what your worship mentions, Mambrino's helmet will prove as errant a basin as this honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle."—"Do what I bid you," replied Don Quixote; "for sure, all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment." Sancho went for

the basin, and brought it ; and as soon as Don Quixote saw it, he took it in his hands, and said, "Behold, gentlemen, with what face can this squire pretend this to be a basin, and not the helmet I have mentioned ? I swear by the order of knighthood, which I profess, this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution."—"There is no doubt of that," answered Sancho ; "for, from the time my master won it until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves ; and had it not been for this basin-helmet, he had not then got off over-well, for he had a power of stones hurled at him in that skirmish."

"Pray, gentlemen," said the barber, "what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm ? for they persist in it that this is no basin, but a helmet."—"And whoever shall affirm the contrary," said Don Quixote, "I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lies, and, if a squire, that he lies, and lies again a thousand times." Our barber, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, had a mind to carry on the jest ; so, addressing himself to the other barber, he said, "Signor Barber, know that I also am of your profession, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery. I have likewise been a soldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, and what a morrion or steel cap, and what a casque with its beaver. And I say (with submission always to better judgments) that this piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. I say also that, though it be a helmet, it is not a complete one."—"No, certainly," said Don Quixote ; "for the beaver, that should make half of it, is wanting."—"It is so," said the priest, who saw his friend the barber's design ; and the others confirmed the same.

"Heaven help me !" said the bantered barber, "how is it possible that so many honest gentlemen should maintain that this is not a basin, but a helmet ? Well, if this basin be a helmet, then this pack-saddle must needs be a horse's furniture,

as this gentleman has said.”—“To me it seems indeed to be a pack-saddle,” said Don Quixote; “but I have already told you I will not intermeddle with the dispute, whether it be an ass’s pack-saddle, or a horse’s furniture.”—“All that remains,” said the priest, “is, that Signor Don Quixote declare his opinion; for, in matters of chivalry, all these gentlemen, and myself, yield him the preference.”—“I vow, gentlemen,” said Don Quixote, “so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for anything that may be asked me about it; for I am of opinion that everything passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time, I was very much harassed by an enchanted Moor that was in it, and Sancho fared little better among some of his followers; and to-night I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how I came to fall into that mischance. And therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgment rashly. As to the question, whether this be a basin or a helmet, I have already answered; but as to declaring whether this be a pack-saddle or a caparison, I dare not pronounce sentence, but remit it, gentlemen, to your discretion: perhaps, not being dubbed knights, as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and so you may judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me.”

Upon this, one of the gentlemen present offered to collect votes on the matter; and, whispering first to one, then to another, as though asking him his opinion, at last said aloud, “The truth is, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting so many votes; for I ask nobody that does not tell me it is ridiculous to say this is an ass’s pack-saddle, and not a horse’s caparison, and even that of a well-bred horse; so that you must have patience, for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is a caparison, and no pack-saddle.”—“May I never break bread,” said the bantered barber, “if your worships are not all mistaken; I say this is a pack-saddle, and not a caparison; but, ‘needs must when somebody drives,’—I say no more; and

verily I am not drunk, for I am fasting from everything but sin."

The barber's simplicities caused no less laughter than the follies of Don Quixote, who, at this juncture, said, "There is now no more to be done, but for every one to take what is his own; and much good may it do him." Just then, one of the officers of justice who had overheard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, said, "It is as much a pack-saddle as my father is my father; and whoever says, or shall say, to the contrary, must be drunk."—"You lie like a pitiful scoundrel," answered Don Quixote. And, lifting up his lance, which he never had let go out of his hand, he gave him such a blow over the head, that, had not the officer slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot. The lance was broken to splinters on the ground; and the other officers, seeing their comrade abused, cried out for help. The innkeeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that instant for his wand and his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades. The barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pack-saddle, and Sancho did the same. Don Quixote drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers. The priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, Maritornes wept, Dorothea was confounded. The barber cuffed Sancho, Sancho pommelled the barber; and all the rest were squabbling and fighting. The innkeeper called out afresh, demanding aid for the officers of justice. Thus the whole inn was nothing but weeping, cries, shrieks, confusions, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, cudgellings, and kicks; and, in the midst of this chaos, it came into Don Quixote's fancy that he was plung'd over head and ears in all the discord of war in an enemy's camp; so he cried out, with a voice which made the inn shake, "Hold, all of you! all put up your swords; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive!" At which tremendous voice they all desisted, and he went on, saying, "Did I not tell you sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of imps must certainly inhabit it?" And with that, he prayed them to make peace among themselves, as it was a thousand

pities so many gentlemen of quality should kill one another for such trivial matters. The barber submitted ; for both his beard and his pack-saddle were demolished in the scuffle. Sancho, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master ; others were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise. The innkeeper alone was refractory, and insisted that the insolencies of that madman ought to be chastised, who at every foot turned the inn upside-down. At last the bustle ceased for the time ; the pack-saddle was to remain a caparison, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination, until the day of judgment.

CHAPTER IX.

Don Quixote seized by officers of justice—Carried home in a cage by his friends.



T might have been thought there was mischief enough done for one day. But it was not so; for one of the troopers who had been kicked and mauled pretty handsomely in the scuffle, bethought him that among some warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, was one against Don Quixote, for setting the galley-slaves at liberty. So pulling a parchment out of his bosom, and setting himself to read it leisurely (for he was no great clerk), at every word he read he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and finding that he must be the person therein described, he rolled up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right laid fast hold on Don Quixote by the collar. The knight finding himself so roughly handled, trembling with rage, caught the trooper by the throat, as well as he could, with both hands; and, had not the man been rescued by his comrades, he had lost his life before Don Quixote had loosed his hold. The innkeeper, who was bound to aid and assist his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew. Her daughter and Maritornes joined in the same tune, praying aid from Heaven, and from the standers-by. Sancho, seeing what passed, said, "As sure as taxes, my master says true concerning the enchantments of this castle; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet in it." The two were at length parted, much to their own content; but the troopers did not desist from demanding to have

their prisoner bound and delivered up to them ; for so the king's service required ; in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, footpad, and highwayman. Don Quixote smiled to hear these expressions; and with great calmness, said, "Come hither, base and ill-born crew ; call ye it robbing on the highway to loose the chains of the captive, to set the imprisoned free, to succour the miserable, to raise the fallen and cast-down, and to relieve the needy and distressed ? Ah, scoundrel race ! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that Heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, and much more the presence, of any knight-errant whatever ! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers, highwaymen with the licence of justice, tell me who was the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight-errant as I am ? Who was he that knew not that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts ? Who was the madman, I say again, that is ignorant that no patent of gentility contains so many privileges and exemptions as are acquired by the knight-errant the day he is dubbed, and gives himself up to the rigorous exercise of chivalry ? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, portrage, or ferry-boat ? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes ? What governor, that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning ? What king did not seat him at his table ? What damsel was not in love with him ? and, lastly, what knight-errant has there ever been, is, or shall be, in the world, who has not courage singly to bestow four hundred bastinadoes on four hundred troopers like you, that shall dare to present themselves before him ?"

While he was talking at this rate, the priest was endeavouring to persuade the troopers that Don Quixote was out of his wits, as they might easily perceive by what he did and said, and that they need not give themselves any farther trouble upon that subject ; for, though they should apprehend and carry him away,

they must soon release him, as being a madman. To which the officer that had produced the warrant answered, that it was no business of his to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to obey the orders of his superior; and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free three hundred times if they pleased. "For all that," said the priest, "for this once you must not take him, nor do I think he will suffer himself to be taken." In effect, the priest said so much, and Don Quixote did such extravagancies, that the officers must have been more mad than he, had they not discovered his infirmity; and therefore they judged it best to be quiet, and moreover to be mediators between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their scuffle with great raucour. At last, they, as officers of justice, compounded the matter, and settled it in such a manner, that both parties rested, if not entirely contented, at least somewhat satisfied; for they exchanged pack-saddles, but not girths or halters. As for Mambrino's helmet, the priest, underhand and unknown to Don Quixote, gave a crown for the bason; and the barber gave him a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen.

Don Quixote now finding he was freed, threw himself on his knees before the beautiful Dorothea, entreating that they might at once set out on his adventure to restore her to her dominions. The lady raised him, and graciously giving her consent to his prayer, the knight bade Sancho instantly saddle Rozinante, and make ready his own ass, and her majesty's palfrey, for their departure from the castle. Upon which, Sancho, shaking his head, said, "Ah, master, master, there are more tricks in a town than are dreamt of, with all respect be it spoken."—"What tricks can there be to my discredit in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin?" said Don Quixote. "If your worship puts yourself into a passion," answered Sancho, "I will hold my tongue, and forbear to say what I am bound to tell, as a faithful squire and a dutiful servant ought to his master."—"Say what you will," replied Don Quixote, "so your words tend not to making me afraid: if you are afraid, you do but like yourself; and if I am not afraid, I do like myself."—

“Nothing of all this, as I am a sinner,” answered Sancho; “only that I am sure and positively certain, that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother. I say this, sir, because, supposing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, and passed many bad nights and worse days, one, who is now solacing himself in this inn, should chance to reap the fruit of our labours, I need be in no haste to saddle Rozinante, or to get the ass and the palfrey ready; for we had better be quiet; and let every lass mind her spinning, and let us to dinner.” Stars and garters! how great was the indignation of Don Quixote at hearing his squire speak thus disrespectfully! so great, that, with speech stammering, tongue faltering, and living fire darting from his eyes, he said, “Scoundrel! designing, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring, and back-biting villain! darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies? and hast thou dared to entertain such rude, and insolent thoughts in thy confused imagination? Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and enemy of the respect due to royal personages! Begone! appear not before me, on pain of my indignation.” And in saying this, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, stared round about him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the floor—all manifest tokens of the rage locked up in his breast. At whose words and furious gestures Sancho was so frightened, that he would have been glad the earth had opened that instant and swallowed him up. And he knew not what to do, but to turn his back, and get out of the enraged presence of his master.

“Her majesty,” however, persuaded the knight to forgive his squire, who had offended from ignorance, not from wilfulness; and Sancho, who came in very humbly, falling down on his knees, begged his master’s hand, who gave it him; and, after he had let him kiss it, he gave him his blessing, saying, “Now you will be thoroughly convinced, son Sancho, of what I have

often told you before, that all things in this castle are done by way of enchantment.”—“I believe so too,” said Sancho, “excepting the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way.”—“Do not believe it,” answered Don Quixote; “for, were it so, I would have revenged you at that time, and even now. But neither could I then, nor can I now, find on whom to revenge the injury.” They all desired to know what that business of the blanket was; and the innkeeper gave them a very circumstantial account of Sancho Panza’s tossing, at which they were not a little diverted. And Sancho would have been no less ashamed, if his master had not assured him afresh that it was all enchantment, which yet that faithful squire could not bring himself to believe.

The next business was how to get Don Quixote home, to be cured of his madness, if that might be; and the device hit upon, was to bind him hand and foot, as he lay in bed, put him into a kind of cage, which they constructed of poles placed crossways, and then mount this upon a waggon drawn by a team of oxen: all done under pretence to him of its being enchantment. The knight submitted to this harsh usage without saying a word, until his cage (in which they had nailed him up fast) was got upon the waggon, when he exclaimed:—“Many and most grave histories have I read of knights-errant; but I never read, saw, or heard of enchanted knights being carried away after this manner, and so slowly as these lazy, heavy animals seem to promise. For they always used to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped up in some thick and dark cloud, or in some chariot of fire, or mounted upon a hippogrif, or some such beast. But, to be carried upon a team drawn by oxen, puts me into confusion. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of these our times may have taken a different turn from those of the ancients; and, perhaps also, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who have revived the long-forgotten exercise of knight-errantry, there may have been lately invented other kinds of enchantments, and other methods of carrying away those that are enchanted.”

The cavalcade, after Don Quixote had taken a courteous

leave of the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, then marched out: first the car, guided by the owner; on each side went a trooper with his firelock; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle, who had the buckler hung at one side of his pommel, the basin on the other; the priest and the barber, their faces masked, brought up the rear on their mules, with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed. Don Quixote sat in the cage, with his hands tied, and his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence as if he had not been a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone.

Sancho, it must be said, was not a little displeased at seeing his master treated in this manner, protesting that he was no more enchanted than his own mother; and he took the priest roundly to task for playing such tricks upon the knight as hindered his going about to succour distressed persons, according to his vow. He also pretty hotly told Don Quixote himself, that his being enchanted was all a lie; for the enchanters who guarded him in that cage were none other than his old friends the priest and the barber; who, he supposed, had played him this shabby trick out of envy of his achievements. But this the knight would not for one moment credit; knowing, as he assured Sancho, that none, save supernatural force, could ever have fastened him up in a cage.

At midday they rested in a delicious, green meadow, and the knight, being let out of his prison for awhile, was not a little pleased to stretch his legs, which were rather cramped with being so long cooped up. Then their dinner was spread upon the grass; and a goatherd, who chanced to come up, was hospitably invited to join them. The man, eyeing Don Quixote all over, whispered to the barber to tell him who that strange figure was that talked so extravagantly? "Who should it be," answered the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the relief of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of battles?"--"This," said the goatherd, "is like what we read

of in the books of knights-errant, who did all that you tell me of this man ; though, as I take it, either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished."—"You are a very great rascal," said Don Quixote, at this instant, "and you are the empty-skulled, and the shallow-brained ; for mine is fuller than ever was the head-piece of any of your vile generation." And, so saying, and muttering on, he snatched up a loaf that was near him, and with it struck the goatherd full in the face with so much fury, that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd, without any respect to the carpet or table-cloth, or to the company that sat about it, at once leaped upon Don Quixote, and, gripping him by the throat with both hands, would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza come up in that instant, and, taking him by the shoulders, thrown him back on the table, breaking the dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote, finding himself loose, ran at the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, and his face all over dirt, was feeling about, upon all fours, for some knife or other, to take revenge withal ; but he was prevented ; and the barber contrived it so, that the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, on whom he poured a shower of buffets. The priest was ready to burst with laughter ; the troopers danced and capered for joy ; and they stood hallooing them on, as people do dogs when they are fighting ; only Sancho was at his wits' end, not being able to get loose from one of the servants, who held him from going to assist his master. In short, while all were in high joy and merriment, excepting the two combatants, who were still worrying one another, on a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet, so dismal, that it made them turn their faces towards the way from whence they fancied the sound came ; and Don Quixote, who, though he was under the goatherd, sorely against his will, and more than indifferently mauled, said to him, "Brother imp (for it is impossible you should be anything else, since you have had the valour and strength to subdue mine). truce, I beseech you, for one hour ; for the dolorous

sound of that trumpet seems to summon me to some new adventure." The goatherd, who by this time was pretty well weary of mauling and being mauled, immediately let him go, and Don Quixote, getting upon his legs, turned his face toward the place whence the sound came, and presently saw several people arrayed in white, descending from a rising ground.

The case was, that the clouds that year had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and throughout all the villages of that district they made processions, and public prayers, beseeching God to open the hands of His mercy and send them rain. For this purpose the people of a town hard by were coming in procession to a hermitage, built upon the side of a hill bordering upon that valley. Don Quixote, perceiving their strange attire, imagined it was some adventure, and that it belonged to him alone, as a knight-errant, to undertake it ; and he was the more confirmed in this fancy by thinking, that an image they had with them, covered with black, was some lady whom those discourteous ruffians were forcing away. No sooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was grazing about ; then taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of his saddle, bridled him in a trice, and, demanding from Sancho his sword, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, and with a loud voice said to all present, " Now, my worthy companions, you shall see of what consequence it is that there are in the world such as profess the order of chivalry ; now, I say, you shall see by my restoring liberty to that good lady, who is carried captive yonder, whether knights-errant are to be valued or not." And so saying, he laid legs to Rozinante (for spurs he had none), and on a hand-gallop (which was Rozinante's best speed), ran to encounter the enemy. The priest and the barber in vain endeavoured to stop him ; and in vain did Sancho cry out, saying, " Whither go you, signor Don Quixote? what possesses you? have a care what you do ; for this once I am sure you do not know what you are about." Sancho wearied himself to no purpose ; for his master was so bent upon encountering the men in white, and delivering the mourning lady, that

he heard not a word, and, if he had, would not have come back, though the king himself had commanded him. •

Being now come up to the procession, he checked Rozinante, and with a disordered and hoarse voice, said, "You there, who cover your faces, for no good, I suppose, stop and give ear to what I shall say." The first who stopped were they who carried the image; and one of the four ecclesiastics, who sang the litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, and other ridiculous circumstances attending the knight, answered him, saying, "Good brother, if you have anything to say to us, say it quickly in two words."—"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "and it is this, that you immediately set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance are evident tokens of her being carried away against her will, and that you have done her some notorious injury; and I, who was born into the world on purpose to redress such wrongs, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves." By these expressions, all that heard them gathered that Don Quixote must be some madman, whereupon they fell a laughing very heartily, which was adding fuel to the fire of his rage; for, without saying a word more, he drew his sword and attacked the bearers, one of whom stepped forward to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a pole whereon he rested the bier when they made a stand. Receiving on this a huge stroke which the knight let fly at him, and which broke it in two, with what remained of it he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm, that, his target not being able to ward off so furious an assault, the poor man fell to the ground in evil plight. Sancho Panza, who came puffing close after him, perceiving him fallen, called out to his adversary not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who never had done anybody harm in all the days of his life. But that which made the rustic forbear, was not Sancho's crying out, but his seeing that Don Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot; and so, believing he had killed him, in all haste he tucked up his frock in his hand, and began to fly away over the field as nimble as a buck.

As for Sancho, he threw himself upon the body of his master, and poured forth the most dolorous and ridiculous lamentation in the world, believing verily he was dead; saying, with tears in his eyes, "O flower of chivalry, who by one single thwack hath finished the career of thy well-spent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea of the whole world, which, by wanting thee, will be overrun with evil-doers, who will no longer fear the being chastised for their iniquities! O liberal above all Alexanders, seeing that, for eight months' service only, thou hast given me the best island the sea doth compass or surround. O thou--in a word, knight-errant, which is all that can be said!" At Sancho's cries and lamentations Don Quixote revived, and the first word he said was, "He who lives absented from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help, friend Sancho, to lay me upon the enchanted car; for I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rozinante, all this shoulder being mashed to pieces."—"That I will do with all my heart, dear sir," answered Sancho; "and let us return home in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well, and there we will give order about another sally, that may prove of more profit and renown."—"You say well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and it will be great prudence in us to wait until the evil influence of the stars, which now reigns, is over-passed." The priest and the barber told him they approved his resolution; and so they placed him in the waggon, as before. The waggoner yoked his oxen, accommodated Don Quixote on a truss of hay, and with his accustomed pace, jogged on the way the priest directed. On the sixth day they arrived at Don Quixote's village, and entered it about noon; when, it being Sunday, all the people were standing in the market-place, through the midst of which Don Quixote's car must of necessity pass. Everybody ran to see who was in the waggon, and, when they found it was their townsman, they were greatly surprised; and a boy ran full speed to acquaint the housekeeper and niece, that their uncle and master was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of hay in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the out-

cries the two good women raised, to see the buffets they gave themselves, and how they cursed afresh the vile books of chivalry; and all this was renewed by seeing Don Quixote coming in at the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife, who knew her husband was gone with him to serve him as his squire, repaired thither; and as soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked him was, whether the ass was come home well. Sancho answered he was, and in a better condition than his master. "Heaven be praised!" replied she. "But tell me, friend, what good have you got by your squireship? what petticoat do you bring home to me, and what shoes to your children?"—"I bring nothing of all this, dear wife," said Sancho; "but I bring other things of greater moment and consequence."—"I am very glad of that," answered the wife. "Pray show me these things of greater moment and consequence, my friend; for I would fain see them, to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sad and discontented all the long time of your absence."—"You shall see them at home, wife," said Sancho, "and be satisfied at present; for if it please heaven, that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and not an ordinary one neither, but one of the best that is to be had."—"Grant heaven it may be so, husband," said the wife, "for we have need of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands; for I do not understand you?"—"Honey is not for the mouth of an ass," answered Sancho; "in good time you shall see, wife, yea, and admire to hear yourself styled ladyship by all your vassals."—"What do you mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals?" answered Teresa Panza. "Be not in so much haste, Teresa, to know all this," said Sancho; "let it suffice that I tell you the truth, and you sew up your mouth. But for the present know, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant to an honest man, as to be squire to a knight-errant, and seeker of adventures. It is true, indeed, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish. This I know by experience; for I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, and sometimes well cudgelled."

Yet for all that, it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion, and never a farthing to pay."

All this discourse passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza, while the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and having pulled off his clothes, laid him in his bed. He looked at them with eyes askance, not knowing perfectly where he was. The priest charged the niece to take great care, make much of her uncle, and to keep a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip; telling her what difficulty they had to get him home to his house. Here the two women exclaimed afresh, and renewed their execrations against all books of chivalry, begging of Heaven to confound to the centre of the abyss the authors of so many lies and absurdities. Lastly, they remained full of trouble and fear, lest they should lose their uncle and master, as soon as ever he found himself a little better.

CHAPTER X.

Sets out a second time, with his squire—Sancho's discourse with his wife Teresa Panza.



HE priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing their friend, lest they should bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. Yet they did not therefore forbear visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to take care and make much of him, and to give him comforting things to eat. They said they did so, and would continue so to do; for they perceived that their master was ever and anon discovering signs of being in his right mind; whereat the priest and the barber were greatly pleased, as thinking they had hit upon the right course in bringing him home enchanted upon the ox-waggon. The two resolved therefore to visit him, and make trial of his amendment; agreeing between them not to touch upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger the ripping up of a sore that was yet so tender.

So they made the knight a visit, and found him sitting on his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baise, with a red Toledo bonnet on his head, and so lean and shrivelled, that he seemed as if he was reduced to a mere nummy. They were received by him with great kindness; and when they inquired after his health, he gave them an account both of it, and of himself, with much judgment and in well-chosen words. Then they fell to talking on general subjects, and still the knight expressed himself with perfect reasonableness, until the danger to which all Christendom was exposed by the inroads of the Turks was spoken of.

Then alas, Don Quixote's old madness blazed out ; he could only see one remedy for the evil, and that was for the King of Spain to summon to his aid all the knights-errant who were wandering about his dominions—it being, as he assured his friends, no new thing that one such knight should defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as though they had only one neck, or were made of sugar-paste. He wound up, by exclaiming vehemently, “A knight-errant will I live ! and a knight-errant will I die ! let the Turk come down or up when he pleases.”

This outburst was not very encouraging ; but whilst they were yet chatting, Don Quixote's housekeeper and his niece were suddenly heard bawling so loudly in the courtyard, that they all ran to see what was amiss. The two women were, in truth, holding the door against Sancho Panza, who was struggling to get in, to see his master. “What would this burley fellow have in this house ?” said they. “Get you to your own, brother ; for it is you, and no other, by whom our master is seduced, and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways.” To which Sancho replied, “Mistress Housekeeper, it is I that am seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways, and not your master. It was he who led me this dance, and you deceive yourselves half in half. He inveigled me from home with fair speeches, promising me an island, which I still hope for.”—“May the islands' choke thee, Sancho !” answered the niece ; “and, pray, what are islands ? are they anything eatable, glutton, cormorant, as thou art ?”—“They are not to be eaten,” replied Sancho, “but governed, and better governments than any four cities, or four justiceships at court.”—“For all that,” said the housekeeper, “you come not in here, sack of mischiefs, and bundle of rogueries ! Get you home, and govern there ; go, plough and cart, and cease pretending to islands or highlands.” But here Don Quixote called him to him, ordering the women to hold their tongues, and let him in. Sancho entered, and the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose cure they now despaired ; the priest saying to the barber, “You will see, neighbour, when we least think of it, our gentleman take the other flight.”—“I

"Make no doubt of that," answered the barber; "yet, I do not admire so much the madness of the knight as the simplicity of the squire."

In the meanwhile, Don Quixote had shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho only, and said to him, "I am very sorry, Sancho, you should say, and stand in it, that it was I who drew you out of your cottagc, when you know that I myself stayed not in my own house. We set out together; we went on together; and together we performed our travels. We both ran the same fortune and the same chance. If you were once tossed in a blanket, I have been thrashed an hundred times; and herein only have I had the advantage of you."—"And reason good," answered Sancho; "for, as your worship holds, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant themselves, than to their squires."—"You are mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for according to the saying, *Quando caput dolet, &c.*"—"I understand no other language than my own," replied Sancho. "I mean," said Don Quixote, "that when the head aches, all the members ache also; and therefore I, being your master and lord, am your head, and you are a part of me, as being my servant. And for this reason the ill that does, or shall affect me, must affect you also; and so on the contrary."—"Indeed," said Sancho, "it should be so; but when I, as a limb, was tossed in the blanket, my head stood on t' other side of the pales, beholding me frisking in the air, without feeling any pain at all; and since the members are bound to grieve at the ills of the head, that also, in requital, ought to do the like for them."—"Would you insinuate now, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that I was not grieved when I saw you tossed? If that be your meaning, say no more, nor so much as think it; for I felt more pain then in my mind, than you did in your body. But no more of this at present. In the meantime, tell me, friend Sancho, what do folks say of me about this town? what opinion has the common people of me? what think the gentlemen, and what the cavaliers? what is said of my prowess, what of my exploits, and what of my courtesy? What discourse is there of the design I have engaged in, to revive and

restore to the world the long-forgotten order of chivalry? In short, Sancho, I would have you tell me whatever you have heard concerning these matters. And this you must do, without adding to the good, or taking from the bad, one tittle; for it is the part of faithful vassals to tell their lords the truth in its native simplicity."—"That I will, with all my heart, sir," answered Sancho, "on condition that your worship shall not be angry at what I say."—"I will in no wise be angry," replied Don Quixote; "you may speak freely, Sancho."

"First and foremost then," said Sancho, "the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for no less a fool. The gentlemen say, that not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you the style of Don, and invaded the dignity of knighthood, with no more than a paltry vineyard, and a couple of acres of land, with a tatter behind, and another before. The cavaliers say, they would not have the gentlemen set themselves in opposition to them, especially those gentlemen esquires who clout their shoes, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings with green silk."—"That," said Don Quixote, "is no reflection upon me; for I always go well-clad, and my clothes never patched; a little torn they may be, but more so through the fretting of my armour, than by length of time."—"As to what concerns your valour, courtesy, achievements, and your undertaking," said Sancho, "there are very different opinions. Some say, mad but humorous; others, valiant but unfortunate; others, courteous but impertinent; and thus they run divisions upon us, till they leave neither your worship nor me a whole bone in our skins."—"Take notice, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that wherever virtue is found in any eminent degree, it is sure to be persecuted."

At this moment Sampson Caraseo, an acquaintance of Don Quixote's, came in to see his friend. Sampson was a bachelor of arts of the famous University of Salamanca, and also a broad-faced, pleasant, waggish fellow, who had a mind to amuse himself with our knight's vagaries. So, when Don Quixote told him he meant to set out on a fresh adventure in three or four

days, and asked where he had best begin, the bachelor advised him to go directly to the city of Saragosa, where was to be held a most solemn tournament in honour of the festival of Saint George, in which he might acquire renown above all the Arragonian knights in the world. He commended his resolution as most honourable and most valourous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but theirs, who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses. "This is what I renounce, Signor Sampson," said Sancho, "for my master makes no more of attacking an hundred armed men, than a greedy boy would do half a dozen melons. Body of the world! Signor Bachelor, yes, there must be a time to attack and a time to retreat; and it must not be always, San Jago, and charge, Spain.* And further, I have heard say (and, if I remember right, from my master himself), that the mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness. Now, if this be so, I would not have him run away when there is no need of it, nor would I have him fall on when the too great superiority requires quite another thing; but above all things, I would let my master know that, if he will take me with him, it must be upon condition that he shall battle it all himself, and that I will not be obliged to do any other thing but to look after his clothes and his diet, to which purposes I will fetch and carry like any spaniel; but to imagine that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be against rascally woodcutters with hooks and hatchets, is to be very much mistaken. I, Signor Sampson, do not set up for the fame of being valiant, but for that of being the best and most faithful squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, has a mind to bestow on me some one island of the many his worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and though he should not give me one, born I am, and we must not rely upon one another, but upon Providence; and perhaps the bread I shall eat without the government may go down more savourily than that I should eat with it; and how

* The old Spanish war-cry.

do I know but the evil one, in one of these governments, may provide me some stumbling-block, that I may fall, and dash out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I intend to die. Yet, for all that, if, fairly and squarely, without much solicitude or much danger, Heaven should chance to throw an island, or some such thing, in my way, I am not such a fool neither as to refuse it; for it is a saying, When they give you a heifer, make haste with the rope, and when good fortune comes, be sure take her in."

"Brother Sancho," said Carrasco, "you have spoken like any professor; nevertheless, trust in Providence, and Signor Don Quixote, that he will give you, not only an island, but even a kingdom."—"One is as likely as the other," answered Sancho; "though I could tell Signor Carrasco, that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a bag without a bottom; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified before now to my lord."—"Look you, Sancho," said Sampson, "honours change manners; and it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know your own father."—"That," answered Sancho, "may be the case with your mean trash, but not with those whose souls, like mine, come of a good stock. No, I am not likely to be ungrateful to anybody."

Sancho came home so gay and so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bow-shot off, insomuch that she could not but ask him, "What is the matter, friend Sancho, you are so merry?" To which he answered, "Dear wife, if it were God's will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I appear to be."—"Husband," replied she, "I understand you not, and know not what you mean by saying, you should be glad, if it were God's will you were not so much pleased; now, silly as I am, I cannot guess how one can take pleasure in not being pleased."—"Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho, "I am thus merry, because I am resolved to return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is determined to make a third sally in quest of adventures; and I am to accompany him, for so my necessity will have it

Besides, I am pleased with the hopes of finding the other hundred crowns, like those we have spent ; though it grieves me, that I must part from you and my children ; and if God would be pleased to give me bread, dry-shod and at home, without dragging me over rough and smooth, and through thick and thin (which He might, by only willing it so), it is plain, my joy would be more firm and solid, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you ; so that I said right, when I said I should be glad, if it were God's will I were not so well pleased." — "Look you, Sancho," replied Teresa, "ever since you have been a member of a knight-errant, you talk in such a round-about manner, that there is nobody understands you." — "It is enough that God understands me, wife," answered Sancho ; "for He is the understander of all things ; and so much for that. And do you hear, sister, it is convenient you should take more than ordinary care of Dapple these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms ; double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling ; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a bout at 'give and take' with giants, fierce dragons, and goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings, and bleatings : all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to do with carriers and enchanted Moors." — "I believe indeed, husband," replied Teresa, "that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing." — "I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, "that, did I not expect ere long to see myself a governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot." — "Not so, my dear husband," said Teresa. "Let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Live you, and plague take all the governments in the world. Without a government came you into the world ; without a government have you lived hitherto ; and without a government will you go, or be carried to your grave, whenever your time comes. How many folks are there in the world that have not a government ; and yet they live for all that ? The best sauce in the world is hunger, and, as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if, perchance, Sancho, you

should get a government, do not forget me and your children. Consider, that little Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if so be his uncle, the abbot, means to bring him up to the church. Consider, also, that Mary Sancha, your daughter, will not break her heart if we marry her ; for I am mistaken if she has not as much mind to a husband as you have to a government."

"In good faith," answered Sancho, "if I get anything like a government, dear wife, I will match Mary Sancha so highly, that there will be no coming near her without calling her Your Ladyship."—"Not so, Sancho," answered Teresa ; "the best way is to marry her to her equal : for if, instead of pattens, you put her on clogs, and, instead of her russet petticoat of fourteen-penny stuff, you give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk, and, instead of plain Molly and You, she be called My Lady Such-a-one, and Your Ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, discovering the coarse thread of her home-spun country-stuff."—"Peace, fool," said Sancho ; "for all the business is to practise two or three years, and after that the ladyship and the gravity will sit upon her, as if they were made for her ; and, if not, what matters it ? Let her be a lady, come what will of it."—"Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho," answered Theresa ; "seek not to raise yourself higher. It would be a pretty business truly to marry our Mary to some great count or knight, who, when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker's brat, and I know not what ; not while I live, husband ; I have not brought up my child to be so used. Do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care ; and do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her, nor she understand herself."—"Hark you, beast, and wife for a blunderbuss," replied Sancho, "why would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one whose grandchildren may be styled Your Lordships ? Look you, Teresa, I have always heard my betters say, 'He that will not when he

may, when he will he shall have nay ;' and it would be very wrong, now that Fortune is knocking at our door, to shut it against her. Do you not think, stupid !" continued Sancho, " that it would be well for me to be really possessed of some government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha to whom I please ? You will then see how people will call you Donna Teresa Panza ; and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions, carpets, and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewoman of the parish. No ! no ! continue as you are, and be always the same thing, without being increased or diminished, like a figure in the hangings. Let us have no more of this, pray ; for little Sancha shall be a countess, in spite of your teeth."—" For all that, husband," answered Teresa, " I am afraid this countess-ship will be my daughter's undoing. But, what you please ; make her a duchess or a princess ; but I can tell you, it shall never be with my good-will or consent. Teresa my parents named me at the font, a plain, simple name, without the additions, laces, or garnitures of Dons or Donnas. My father's name was Cascajo ; and I, by being your wife, am called Teresa Panza, though indeed, by good right, I should be called Teresa Cascajo. I am contented with this name, without the additional weight of Donna, to make it so heavy that I shall not be able to carry it ; and I would not have people, when they see me decked out like any little countess or governess, immediately say, Look how stately Madam Hog-feeder moves ! Yesterday she toiled at her distaff from morning to night, and went to church with the tail of her petticoat over her head, instead of a veil ; and to-day, forsooth, she goes with her farthingale, her embroideries, and with an air, as if we did not know her. Heaven keep me in my seven, or my five senses, or as many as I have ; for I do not intend to expose myself after this manner. Go you to your governing and islanding, and puff yourself up as you please ; as for my girl and me, we will neither of us stir a step from our own town. Go you with your Don Quixote ; and truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don, a title which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had."—" Heaven bless thee, woman !" rejoined Sancho, " what

a parcel of things have you been stringing one upon another, without either head or tail! What has Cascajo, or the embroideries either, to do with what I am saying? Hark you, had I told you, that our daughter was to throw herself headlong from some high tower, or go strolling about the world, as did the Infanta Donna Urraca, you would be in the right not to come into my opinion; but if, in two turns of a hand, and less than one twinkling of an eye, I can equip her with a Don and Your Ladyship, and raise you from the straw to sit under a canopy of state, and upon a sofa with more velvet cushions than all the blacks of Morocco had Moors in their lineage, why will you not consent, and desire what I do?"—"I do not understand you, husband," replied Teresa. "Do what you think fit, and break not my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes. And if you are revolved to do as you say——"—"Resolved, you should say, wife," said Sancho, "and not revolved."—"Set not yourself to dispute with me," answered Teresa: "I speak as it pleases Heaven, and meddle not with what does not concern me. I say, if you hold still in the same mind of being a governor, take your son Sancho with you, and henceforward train him up to your art of government; for it is fitting the sons should inherit and learn their father's calling."—"When I have a government," said Sancho, "I will send for him by the post, and will send you money, which I shall not want; for there are always people enough to lend governors money, when they have it not; but then be sure to clothe the boy so that he may look, not like what he is, but what he is to be."—"Send you money," said Teresa, "and I will equip him as fine as a lord."—"We are agreed then," said Sancho, "that our daughter is to be a countess?"—"The day that I see her a countess," answered Teresa, "I shall reckon I am laying her in her grave; but I say again, you may do as you please; for we women are born to bear the clog of obedience to our husbands, be they never such blockheads;" and then she began to weep as bitterly as if she already saw little Sancho dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised, that though he must make her a countess, he would see and put it off as long as possibly he could. Thus

ended their dialogue, and Sancho went back to visit Don Quixote, and put things in order for their departure.

While Sancho Panza and his wife were holding the foregoing dialogue, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle ; who, guessing by a thousand signs that their uncle and master would break loose the third time, and return to the exercise of his (for them) unlucky knight-errantry, endeavoured by all possible means to divert him from so foolish a design ; but it was all preaching in the desert, and hammering on old iron. However, among many other various reasonings which passed between them, the housekeeper said to him, " Sir, if your worship will not tarry quietly at home, and leave this rambling over hills and dales, like a disturbed ghost, in quest of those same adventures, which I call misadventures, I am resolved to complain aloud to the king, to put a stop to it." To which Don Quixote replied, " Mistress Housekeeper, what answer His Majesty will return to your complaints, I know not ; and care as little." To which the housekeeper replied, " Pray, sir, are there not knights in His Majesty's court ?"—" Yes," answered Don Quixote, " there are many."—" Would it not then be better," replied she, " that your worship should be one of them, and quietly serve your king and lord at court ?"—" Look you, friend," answered Don Quixote, " all knights cannot be courtiers, neither can, nor ought, all courtiers to be knights-errant. There must be of all sorts in the world ; and though we are all knights, there is a great deal of difference between us. Your true knight-errant, though he should espy ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, and though each of them stalk on two prodigious towers instead of legs, and has arms like the main-masts of huge and mighty ships of war, and each eye like a great mill-wheel, and more fiery than the furnace of a glass-house, yet he must in nowise be affrighted, but on the contrary, with a courteous air, and an undaunted heart, encounter, assail, and if possible overcome and rout them in an instant of time, though they should come armed with the shell of a certain fish, which, they say, is harder than adamant, and though, instead of swords, they should bring sabres of Damas-

cus steel, or iron maces pointed also with steel, as I have seen more than once or twice."

"Ah! dear uncle," said then the niece, "be assured that, what you tell us of knights-errant is all inventions and lies, and if their histories must not be burnt, at least they deserve to wear each some badge, whereby they may be known to be infamous, and destructive of good manners."—"By San Jago," said Don Quixote, "were you not my own sister's daughter, I would make such an example of you, for the blasphemy you have uttered, that the whole world should ring of it. How! is it possible, that a young baggage, who scarcely knows how to manage a dozen of bobbins, should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of knights errant? What would Sir Amadis have said, should he have heard of such a thing? But now I think of it, I am sure he would have forgiven you; for he was the most humble and most courteous knight of his time."—"Ah! well," said the niece; "my uncle—he knows everything; nothing comes amiss to him. I will lay a wager that, if he had a mind to turn mason, he would build a house with as much ease as a bird-cage."—"I assure you, niece," answered Don Quixote, "that if these knightly thoughts did not employ all my senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor any curious art but what I could turn my hand to, especially bird-cages and toothpicks."

By this time there was knocking at the door; and upon asking, "Who is there?" Sancho Panza answered, "It is I." The housekeeper no sooner knew his voice, but she ran to hide herself, so much she abhorred the sight of him. The niece let him in; his master Don Quixote went out and received him with open arms; and they two being locked up together in the knight's chamber, held another dialogue, not a jot inferior to the former.

The housekeeper no sooner saw that Sancho and her master had locked themselves up together, but she presently began to suspect the drift of their conference; and, imagining that it would end in a resolution for a third sally, she took her veil, and full of anxiety, went in quest of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco,

Thinking that, as he was a well-spoken person, and a new acquaintance of her master's, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a purpose. She found him walking to and fro in the courtyard of his house; and, as soon as she espied him, she fell down at his feet in violent disorder and a cold sweat. When Carrasco beheld her with signs of so much sorrow and heart-beating, he said, "What is the matter, Mistress Housekeeper? what has befallen you, that you look as if your heart was at your mouth?"—"Nothing at all, dear Master Sampson," said she, "only that my master is most certainly breaking forth."—"How breaking forth, madam?" demanded Sampson; "has he broken a hole in any part of his body?"—"No," answered she; "he is only breaking forth at the door of his own madness: I mean, Signor Bachelor, that he has a mind to sally out again (and this will be his third time), to ramble about the world in quest of what he calls adventures, though, for my part, I cannot tell why he calls them so. The first time, he was brought home to us athwart an ass and mashed to a mummy. The second time, he came home in an ox-waggon, locked up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was enchanted; and the poor soul was so changed, that his own mother would not have known him; feeble, wan, his eyes sunk to the inmost lodgings of his brain; insomuch that I spent above six hundred eggs in getting him a little up again, as Heaven is my witness, and my hens that will not let me lie."—"I can easily believe that," answered the bachelor; "they are so good, so plump, and so well nurtured. But is there nothing more?"—"No, sir," answered she. "Then go home," said he; "I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders." With that away went the housekeeper, and the bachelor immediately went to find the priest, and consult with him about what we shall hear of in due time.

While Don Quixote and Sancho continued locked up together, there passed some discourse between them. Said Sancho to his master, "Sir, I have now reduced my wife to consent to let me go with your worship wherever you please to carry me."—"Reduced, you should say, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and not

reluced.”—“Once or twice already,” answered Sancho, “if I remember right, I have besought your worship not to mend my words if you understand my meaning ; and when you do not, say, Sancho, or Beast, I understand you not ; and if I do not explain myself, then you may correct me, for I am so focible”——“I do not understand you, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for I know not the meaning of focible.”—“So focible,” answered Sancho, “means, I am so much so.”—“I understand less now,” replied Don Quixote. “Why, if you do not understand me,” answered Sancho, “I know not how to express it, I know no more.”—“Oh ! now I have it,” answered Don Quixote ; “you mean you are so docile, so pliant, and so tractable, that you will readily comprehend whatever I shall say to you, and will learn whatever I shall teach you.”—“I will lay a wager,” said Sancho, “you took me from the beginning, and understood me perfectly ; only you had a mind to put me out, to hear me make two hundred blunders more.”—“That may be,” replied Don Quixote ; “but, in short, what says Teresa ?”—“Teresa,” said Sancho, “says, that fast bind fast find, and that we must have less talking, and more doing ; for he who shuffles is not he who cuts, and one performance is worth two promises. The case is that, as your worship very well knows, we are all mortal, here to-day and gone to-morrow ; that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep ; for Death is deaf, and when he knocks at life’s door, is always in haste, and nothing can stay him.”—“All this is true,” said Don Quixote ; “but I do not perceive what you would be at.”—“What I would be at,” said Sancho, “is, that your worship would be pleased to appoint me a certain salary, at so much per month, for the time I shall serve you, and that the said salary be paid me out of your estate ; for I have no mind to stand to the courtesy of recompenses, which come late, or lame, or never. In short, I would know what I am to get, be it little or much ; for the hen sits if it be but upon one egg, and many littles make a mickle, and while one is getting something, one is losing nothing. In good truth, should it fall out that your worship should give me that same island you have promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor am I for

making so hard a bargain, as not to consent that the amount of the rent of such island be appraised, and my salary be deducted, cantity for cantity.' — "Is not quantity as good as cantity, friend Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "I understand you," said Sancho; "I will lay a wager I should have said quantity and not cantity; but that signifies nothing, since your worship knew my meaning." — "Yes, and so perfectly too," returned Don Quixote, "that I see to the very bottom of your thoughts, and the mark you drive at with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs. Look you, Sancho, I could easily appoint you wages, had I ever met with any precedent, among the histories of knights-errant, to discover or show me the least glimmering of what they used to get monthly or yearly. I have read all or most of those histories, and do not remember ever to have read that any knight-errant allowed his squire set wages. I only know, that they all served upon courtesy, and that, when they least thought of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, or, at least, remained with a title and dignity. If, Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, you are willing to return to my service, do so; but to think that I will force the ancient usage of knight-errantry off its hinges, is a very great mistake. And therefore, Sancho, go home and tell your wife my intention, and if she is willing, and you have a mind to stay with me upon courtesy, well and good; if not, we are as we were: for if the dove-house wants not bait, it will never want pigeons; and take notice, son, that a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good demand than bad pay. I talk thus, Sancho, to let you see that I can let fly a volley of proverbs as well as you. To be short with you, if you are not disposed to go along with me upon courtesy, and run the same fortune with me, go about your business; for I can never want squire, who will be more obedient, more diligent, and neither so selfish nor so talkative, as you are."

When Sancho heard his master's fixed resolution, the sky clouded over with him, and the wings of his heart downright flagged; for till now he verily believed his master would not

go without him for the world's worth. While he stood thus thoughtful and in suspense, came in Sampson Carrasco, with the niece, and housekeeper, who had a mind to hear what arguments he made use of to dissuade their master and uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, drew near, and embracing Don Quixote, as he did the time before, exalted his voice and said, "O flower of knight-errantry! O resplendent light of arms! O mirror and honour of the Spanish nation! may the person, or persons, who shall obstruct or disappoint your third sally, never accomplish what they so ardently wish! Go on, dear signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; and let your worship and grandeur lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow; and, if anything be wanting towards putting your design in execution, here am I, ready to supply it with my life and fortune; and if your magnificence stands in need of a squire, I shall think it a singular piece of good fortune to serve you as such."

Don Quixote thereupon, turning to Sancho, said, "Did I not tell you, Sancho, that I should have squires enough, and to spare? But let our new Sampson abide in his country, for I will make shift with any squire whatever, since Sancho deigns not to go along with me."—"I do deign," said Sancho, melted into tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears; and proceeded, "It shall never be said of me, dear master, the bread is eaten, and the company broke up. I am not come of an ungrateful stock; since all the world knows, especially our village, who the Panzas were, from whom I am descended: besides, I know, and am well assured, by many good works, and more good words, of the desire your worship has to do me a kindness; and if I have taken upon me so much more than I ought by intermeddling in the article of wages, it was out of complaisance to my wife, who, when once she takes in hand to persuade a thing, no mallet drives and forces the hoops of a tub, as she does to make one do what she has a mind to. But, in short, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman; and since I am a man everywhere else (I cannot deny that), I will also be one in my own house; and I again offer myself to serve your worship faithfully and

loyally, as well and better than all the squires that ever served knight-errant, in past or present times."

The bachelor stood in admiration to hear Sancho Panza's manner of talking; and said to himself, that two such fools as master and man were never seen before in the world. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho being perfectly reconciled, embraced each other, and it was decreed their departure should be within three days, in which time they might have leisure to provide what was necessary for the expedition, especially a complete helmet, which Don Quixote said he must by all means carry with him. Sampson offered him one belonging to a friend of his, who, he was sure, would not deny it him, though, to say the truth, the brightness of the steel was not a little obscured by tarnish and rust. The curses which the housekeeper and niece heaped upon the bachelor, were not to be numbered: they tore their hair, and scratched their faces, and, like the funeral mourners formerly in fashion, lamented the approaching departure, as if it were the death of their master. The design Sampson had in persuading him to sally forth again will be seen hereafter; it was by the advice of the priest and the barber, with whom he had plotted beforehand.

In those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what they thought convenient; and Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by anybody, they took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote upon his good Rozinante, and Sancho upon his old Dapple, his wallets stored with provisions, and his purse with money, which Don Quixote had given him against whatever might happen.

As they paced along, Don Quixote said to his squire, "Friend Sancho, the night is coming on apace, and with too much darkness for us to reach Toboso by daylight, whither I am resolved to go, before I undertake any other adventure. There will I receive the blessing, and the good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, with which leave I am well assured of finishing and giving a happy conclusion to every perilous adventure."—"I believe it," answered Sancho; "but I am of opinion, it will be difficult for


your worship to come to the speech of her, or be alone with her, at least in any place where you may receive her benediction, unless she tosses it over the pales of the yard ; from whence I saw her the time before, when I carried her the letter.”—“ Pales did you fancy them to be, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ over which you saw that paragon of gentility and beauty ? Impossible ! you must mean galleries, arcades, or cloisters of some rich and royal palace.”—“ All that may be,” answered Sancho ; “ but to me they seemed pales, or I have a very shallow memory.”—“ However let us go thither, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote ; “ for so I do but see her, be it through pales, through windows, through crannies, or through the rails of a garden, this I shall gain by it, that, how small soever a ray of the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes, it will so enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart, that I shall remain without a rival either in wisdom or valour.”—“ In truth, sir,” answered Sancho, “ when I saw this sun of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays : and the reason must be, that, as her ladyship was winnowing that wheat I told you of, the great quantity of dust that flew out of it, overcast her face like a cloud, and obscured it.”—“ What ! Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ do you persist in saying and believing, that my Lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat ; a business and employment quite foreign to persons of distinction, who are designed and reserved for other exercises and amusements, which distinguish their high quality a bow-shot off ? You forget, Sancho, the poet’s verses in which he describes the labours of those four nymphs, when they seated themselves in the green meadow, to work those rich stuffs, which were all embroidered with gold, silk, and pearls. And in this manner must my lady have been employed when you saw her ; but the envy some wicked enchanter bears me, changes and converts into different shapes everything that should give me pleasure. Oh, envy ! thou root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of virtues ! All other vices, Sancho, carry somewhat of pleasure along with them ; but envy is attended with nothing but distaste, rancour, and rage.”—“ That is what I say too,” replied Sancho. “ Now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter,

nor have I wealth enough to be envied. It is true, indeed, I am said to be somewhat sly, and to have a little spice of the knave ; but the grand cloak of my simplicity, always natural and never artificial, hides and covers all. But let them say what they will ; naked was I born, and naked I am : I neither lose nor win ; and so care not a fig, let people say of me whatever they list."

In these and the like discourses they passed that night and the following day, without any accident worth relating, whereat Don Quixote was not a little grieved. Next day they descried the great city of Toboso ; at sight, whereof, Don Quixote's spirits were much elevated, and Sancho's as much dejected, because he did not know Dulcinea's house, and had never seen her in his life, no more than his master had ; so that they were both equally in pain, the one to see her, the other for not having seen her ; and Sancho knew not what to do, when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city about nightfall, and, till that hour came, they stayed among some oak-trees near the town, until, the time appointed being come, they went into the city, where things befell them that were things indeed.

CHAPTER XI.

Don Quixote and Sancho arrive at Toboso—Sancho sent to the Lady Dulcinea—Dulcinea enchanted—Adventure with the strolling players.

ALF the night, or thereabouts, was spent, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving the mountain, entered Toboso. The town was all hushed in silence; for its inhabitants were sound asleep, reposing, as the phrase is, with outstretched legs. The night was not quite a dark one; though Sancho could have wished it were, that the obscurity thereof might cover or excuse his prevarication. Nothing was heard in all the place but the barking of dogs, stunning Don Quixote's ears, and disquieting Sancho's heart. Now and then an ass brayed, swine grunted, and cats mewed; which different sounds were augmented by the silence of the night. All which the knight took for an ill omen; nevertheless he said to Sancho,—“Sancho, son, lead on before to Dulcinea's palace; for it may be we shall find her awake.”—“To what palace, body of the sun?” answered Sancho: “that I saw her highness in was but a very little house.”—“She must have been retired at that time,” replied Don Quixote, “to some small apartment of her castle, amusing herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and princesses.”—“Since your worship,” said Sancho, “will needs have my Lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open? and is it fit we should stand thundering at the door, till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar? Think you we are going to a public-house, like your topers, who knock, and call, and are let in at what hour they please, be

it never so late!"—"First, to make one thing sure, let us find this castle," replied Don Quixote, "and then I will tell you what is fit to be done; and look, Sancho, for either my eyes deceive me, or that great dark bulk we see yonder must be Dulcinea's palace."—"Then lead on yourself, sir," answered Sancho; "perhaps it may be so; though, if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it just as much as I believe it is now day."

Don Quixote led the way, and, having gone about two hundred paces, came up to the bulk which cast the dark shade; and perceiving it was a large steeple, knew that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the place; whereupon he said, "We are come to the church, Sancho."—"I find we are," answered Sancho; "and pray goodness we be not come to our graves; for it is no very good sign to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in an alley where there is no thoroughfare."—"A plague light on thee, thou blockhead!" said Don Quixote; "where have you found that castles and royal palaces are built in alleys without a thoroughfare?"—"Sir," replied Sancho, "each country has its customs; perhaps it is the fashion here in Toboso to build your palaces and great edifices in alleys; and, therefore, I beseech your worship to let me look about among these lanes or alleys just before me; and, it may be, in one nook or other I may pop upon this same palace, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs, for confounding and bewildering us at this rate."—"Speak with respect, Sancho, of my lady's matters," said Don Quixote; "let us keep our holidays in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket."—"I will curb myself," answered Sancho; "but with what patience can I bear to think that your worship will needs have me know our mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once, when you cannot find it yourself, though you must have seen it thousands of times?"—"You will put me past all patience, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "come hither, heretic; have I not told you a thousand times, that I never saw the peerless

Dulcinea in all the days of my life, nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured only by hearsay, and by the great fame of her wit and beauty?"—"I hear it now," answered Sancho; "and, I say, that since your worship has never seen her, no more have I."—"That cannot be," replied Don Quixote; "for, at least, you told me sometime ago that you saw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me the answer to the letter I sent by you."—"Do not insist upon that, sir," answered Sancho; "for, let me tell you, the sight of her, and the answer I brought, were both by hearsay too; and I can no more tell who the Lady Dulcinea is, than I am able to box the moon."—"Sancho, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there is a time to jest, and a time when jests are unseasonable. What! because I say that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul, must you therefore say so too, when you know the contrary so well?"

While they were thus discoursing, they perceived one passing by with a couple of mules, and by the noise a ploughshare made in dragging along the ground, they judged it must be some husbandman who was going to his work; and so in truth it was. The ploughman came singing the ballad of the defeat of the French in Roncesvalles. Don Quixote hearing it, said, "Let me die, Sancho, if we shall have any good luck to-night. Do you not hear what this peasant is singing?"—"Yes, I do," answered Sancho; "but what is the defeat at Roncesvalles to our purpose? he might as well have sung the ballad of 'Merry may the maid be;' for it had been all one as to the good or ill success of our business." By this time the country fellow was come up to them, and Don Quixote said to him, "Good-morrow, honest friend; can you inform me whereabouts stands the palace of the peerless Princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"Sir," answered the young fellow, "I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in this town, where I serve a rich farmer in tilling his ground; in yon house over the way live the parish-priest and the sexton of the place; both, or either of them, can give your worship an account of this same lady princess, for they keep a register of all the

inhabitants of Toboso ; though I am of opinion no princess at all lives in this town, but several great ladies, that might every one be a princess in her own house."—"One of these, then," said Don Quixote, "must be she I am inquiring after."—"Not unlikely," answered the ploughman ; and pricking on his mules, he stayed for no more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and sufficiently dissatisfied, said to him, "Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be advisable to let the sun overtake us in the street ; it will be better to retire out of the city, and that your worship shelter yourself in some grove hereabouts, and I will return by daylight, and leave no nook or corner in all the town unsearched for this house, castle, or palace of my lady's ; and I shall have ill luck if I do not find it ; and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship, and will tell her where and how your worship is waiting for her orders and direction for you to see her."—"Sancho" said Don Quixote, "the counsel you give I relish much, and accept of most heartily. Come along, son, and let us seek where we can take covert ; afterwards, as you say, you shall return, to seek, see, and speak to my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours." Sancho stood upon thorns till he got his master out of town, lest he should detect the lie of the answer he carried him to the Sable Mountain, pretending it came from Dulcinea. He therefore made haste to be gone, which they did instantly ; and about two miles from the place, finding a grove or wood, in which Don Quixote took shelter, the knight ordered Sancho to go back to the town, commanding him not to return into his presence, till he had first spoken to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to give her captive knight leave to wait upon her, and that she would deign to give him her blessing, that from thence he might hope for the most prosperous success in all his enterprises. Sancho undertook to fulfil his command, and to bring him as good an answer now as he did the time before. "Go then, son," replied Don Quixote, "and be not in confusion when you stand before the blaze of that sun of beauty

you are going to seek. Happy thou above all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and be sure do not forget, how she receives you; whether she changes colour while you are delivering your embassy; whether you perceive in her any uneasiness or disturbance at hearing my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her, if, perchance, you find her seated on the rich dais of her dignity; and, if she be standing, mark whether she stands sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other; whether she repeats the answer she gives you three or four times; whether she lifts her hands to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered; lastly, son, observe all her actions and motions; for, by your relating them to me just as they were, I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at what she keeps concealed in the secret recesses of her heart, touching the affair of my love. Go, friend, and better fortune than mine be your guide; and may better success, than what I fear and expect in this bitter solitude, send you back safe.”—“I will go, and return quickly,” said Sancho; “in the meantime, good sir, enlarge that little heart of yours, which at present can be no bigger than a hazel-nut, and consider the common saying, that ‘a good heart breaks bad luck;’ and ‘where there is no bacon, there are no pins to hang it on;’ and ‘where we least think it, there starts the hare;’ this I say, because, though we could not find the castles or palaces of my Lady Dulcinea last night, now that it is daylight, I reckon to meet with them when I least think of it; and when I have found them, let me alone to deal with her.”—“Verily, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “you have the knack of applying your proverbs so to the subject we are upon, that I pray Heaven send me better luck in obtaining my wishes!”

Upon this Sancho turned his back, and switched his Dapple, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full of sad and confused thoughts. There we will leave him, and go along with Sancho Panza, who departed from his master no less confused and thoughtful than he; insomuch that he was scarcely got out of the grove, when turning about his head, and finding that Don Quixote was not in

sight, he lighted from his beast, and sitting him down at the foot of a tree, began to talk to himself, and say, "Tell me now, brother Sancho, whither is your worship going? are you going to seek some ass that is lost? No, verily! Then what are you going to seek? Why I go to look for a thing of nothing, a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all heaven together. Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this? Where? in the grand city of Toboso. Very well; and pray who sent you on this errand? Why, the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry, and meat to the thirsty. All this is very well; and do you know her house, Sancho? My master says it must be some royal palace or stately castle. And have you ever seen her? Neither I, nor my master, have ever seen her. And do you think it would be right or advisable, that the people of Toboso should know you come with a design to inveigle away their princesses, and lead their ladies astray? what if they should come, and grind your ribs with pure dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin? Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they please to consider, that I am commanded, and, being but a messenger, am not in fault. Trust not to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and so ticklish, nobody must touch them. Bad luck to them! if they smoke us, woe be to us! But why go I looking for three legs in a cat, for another man's pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is as if one should look for a lord at court, or a thief in the galleys."

This soliloquy Sancho held with himself, and the upshot was, to return to it again, saying to himself, "Well; there is a remedy for everything but death, under whose dominion we must all pass in spite of our teeth, at the end of our lives. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens that I have seen, is mad enough to be tied in his bed; and in truth I come very little behind him; nay, I am madder than he to follow him, and serve him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says, 'Show me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art;' or in that other—'Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou

art fed.' He then being a madman, as he really is, and so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, taking black for white, and white for black (as appeared plainly, when he said, the windmills were giants, and the monk's mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many more matters to the same tune), it will not be very difficult to make him believe, that a country wench, the first I light upon, is the Lady Dulcinea; and, should he not believe it, I will swear to it; and if he swears, I will outswear him; and if he persists, I will persist more than he, in such a manner that mine shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. Perhaps, by this positiveness, I shall put an end to his sending me again upon such errands, seeing what preposterous answers I bring him; or, perhaps he will think, as I imagine he will, that some wicked enchanter of those he says bear him a spite, has changed her form to do him mischief and harm."

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckoned his business as good as half done; so staying still where he was till towards evening, that Don Quixote might have room to think he had spent so much time in going to and returning from Toboso, everything fell out so luckily for him, that when he got up to mount his Dapple, he espied three country girls coming from Toboso toward the place where he was, upon three young asses.

As soon as Sancho espied the lasses he rode back at a round rate to seek his master, whom he found breathing a thousand sighs and lamentations. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said, "Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark this day with a white or a black stone?"—"Your worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers-on."—"By this," said Don Quixote, "you should bring good news."—"So good," answered Sancho, "that your worship has no more to do, but to clap spurs to Rozinante, and get out upon the plain, to see the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who with a couple of her damsels, is coming to make your worship a visit."—"Ah! what is it you say, friend Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Take

care you do not impose on my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy.”—
“What should I get,” answered Sancho, “by deceiving your worship, and being detected the next moment? Come, sir, put on, and you will see the princess our mistress, arrayed and adorned, in short, like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold; all strings of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of tissue above ten hands deep: their tresses loose about their shoulders are so many sunbeams playing with the wind; and, what is more, they come mounted upon three pied belfreys, the finest one can lay eyes on.”—“Palfreys, you would say, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “There is no great difference, I think,” answered Sancho, “between belfreys and palfreys; but let them be mounted how they will, they are sure the finest creatures one would wish to see, especially my mistress the Princess Dulcinea, who ravishes one’s senses.”—“Let us go, son Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “and, as a reward for this news, I bequeath you the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and if that will not satisfy you, I bequeath you the colts my three mares will foal this year upon our town-common.”—“I stick to the colts,” answered Sancho; “for it is not very certain, that the spoils of our next adventure will be worth much.”

By this time they were got out of the wood, and espied the three girls very near. Don Quixote darted his eyes over all the road toward Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three, was much troubled, and asked Sancho, “Whether they were come out of the city when he left them?”—“Out of the city!” answered Sancho; “are you worship’s eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noon-day?”—“I see only three country-girls,” answered Don Quixote, “on three asses.”—“Now, grant me patience!” answered Sancho; “is it possible that three palfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? you shall pluck off this beard of mine if that be so.”—“I tell you, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “that it is as certain they are asses, as I am Don Quixote, and you Sancho Panza; at least such they seem to

me."—"Sir," said Sancho, "snuff those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts, who is just at hand." So saying, he advanced a little forward to meet the country girls, and, alighting from Dapple, laid hold of one of their asses by the halter; then bending both knees to the ground, he said, "Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands yonder, turned into stone, in total disorder, and without any pulse, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is that forlorn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the 'Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.'"

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho, and with staring and disturbed eyes, looked wistfully at her whom Sancho called queen and lady; but as he saw nothing in her but a plain country girl, and homely enough, he was confounded and amazed, without daring to open his lips. The girls, too, were astonished to see their companion stopped by two men of such different aspects, and both on their knees; but she who was stopped, broke silence, and in an angry tone said, "Get out of the road and be hanged, and let us pass by, for we are in haste." To which Sancho made answer, "O princess and universal lady of Toboso, does not your magnificent heart relent to see, kneeling before your sublimated presence, the pillar and prop of knight-errantry?" which one of the other two hearing, said, checking her beast that was turning out of the way, "Look ye, how these small gentry come to make a jest of us poor country-girls, as if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring. Get ye gone your way, and let us go ours, and so speed you well."—"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, hearing this; "for I now perceive that Fortune, not yet satisfied with afflicting me, has barred all the avenues, whereby any relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, utmost limit of all human gracefulness, though now some wicked enchanter persecutes me, spreading clouds over my eyes, and

has to them, and them only, changed and transformed thy peerless beauty and countenance into that of a poor country wench, if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it abominable in your eyes, afford me one kind look, and let these bended knees, before your disguised beauty, tell you the humility wherewith my soul adores you."—"Marry, come up," said the girl, "with your idle gibberish! Get you gone, and let us go, and we shall be obliged to you." Sancho moved off, and let her go, highly delighted that he was come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was scarcely at liberty, when, pricking her beast with a goad she had in a stick, she began to scouff along the field; and the ass, feeling the smart more than usual, fell a-kicking and wincing in such a manner, that down came the Lady Dulcinea to the ground. Don Quixote seeing this, ran to help her up, and Sancho to adjust the pack-saddle that was turned round. This being righted, and Don Quixote desirous to raise his enchanted mistress in his arms, and set her upon her palfrey, the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for retiring three or four steps back, she took a little run, and clapping both hands upon the ass's crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride, like a man. Whereupon Sancho said, "By Saint Roque, madam or mistress is lighter than a hawk, and able to teach the most expert Cordovan or Mexican how to mount gipsy-fashion. She springs into the saddle at a jump, and without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass; and her damsels are as good at it as she; they all fly like the wind." And so it really was; for Dulcinea being re-mounted, they all made after her, and set a-running, without looking behind them, for above half a league. Don Quixote followed them, as far as he could with his eyes, and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, said, "Sancho, what think you? how am I persecuted by enchanters! and take notice how far their malice, and the grudge they bear me, extends, even to the depriving me of the pleasure I should have had in seeing my mistress in her own proper form. And you must also observe, Sancho, that these traitors were not

contented with barely changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they must transform and metamorphose her into the mean and deformed resemblance of that country wench ; at the same time, robbing her of that which is peculiar to great ladies, the fragrant scent occasioned by being always among flowers and perfumes ; for I must tell you, Sancho, that when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as you call it, though to me it appeared to be nothing but an ass, it seemed to me that she had been eating garlic." — "Oh, scoundrels !" cried Sancho, "oh, barbarous and evil-minded enchanters ! Oh ! that I might see you all strung and hung up by the gills like herrings a-smoking ! It might, one would think, have sufficed ye, rogues as ye are, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail, and lastly, all her features from beautiful to deformed."—"It might indeed, friend," replied his master ; "but tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pack-saddle, and which you adjusted, was it a side-saddle or a pillion ?"—"It was a side-saddle," answered Sancho, "with a field-covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it."—"And why could not I see all this, Sancho ?" said Don Quixote. "Well, I say it again, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men." The sly rogue Sancho had much ado to forbear laughing, to hear the fooleries of his master, who was so delicately gulled. In fine, after many other discourses passed between them, they mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to Saragossa, Don Quixote exceeding pensive, to think what a base trick the enchanters had played him, in transforming his Lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a country wench ; nor could he devise what course to take to restore her to her former state. And these meditations so distracted him, that without perceiving it, he let drop the bridle on Rozinante's neck ; who, finding the liberty that was given him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass with which those fields abounded. Sancho brought him back out of his maze by saying to him, "Sir, sorrow was made, not for beasts, but men ; but if men

give too much way to it, they become beasts. Rouse, sir, recollect yourself, and gather up Rozinante's reins; cheer up, awake, and exert that lively courage so befitting a knight-errant. What in the world is the matter? Are we here, or in France? Plague take all the Dulcineas in the world, since the welfare of a single knight-errant is of more worth than all the enchantments and transformations of the earth."—"Peace, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "peace, I say, and do not utter blasphemies against that enchanted lady, whose disgrace and misfortune are owing to me alone, since they proceed entirely from the envy the wicked bear to me."—"I say so too," answered Sancho; "who saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief, I vow."—"Well may you say so, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "you who saw her in the full lustre of her beauty; for the enchantment extended not to disturb your sight; against me alone, and against my eyes, was the force of its poison directed. Nevertheless, I have hit upon one thing, Sancho, which is, that you did not give me a true description of her beauty; for, if I remember right, you said her eyes were of pearl; now eyes that look like pearl are fitter for a sea-bream than a lady. I rather think Dulcinea's eyes must be of verdant emeralds, arched over with two celestial bows, that serve for eye-brows. Take therefore those pearls from her eyes, and apply them to her teeth; for doubtless, Sancho, you mistook eyes for teeth."—"It may be so," answered Sancho; "for her beauty confounded me, as much as her deformity did your worship. One thing, dear sir, troubles me more than all the rest; which is, to think what must be done when your worship shall overcome some giant, or some other knight-errant, and send him to present himself before the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea. Where shall this poor giant, or miserable vanquished knight, be able to find her? Methinks I see them sauntering up and down Toboso, and looking about, like gabics, for my Lady Dulcinea; and though they should meet her in the middle of the street, they will no more know her than they would my father."—"Perhaps, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "the enchantment may not extend

so far as to conceal Dulcinea from the knowledge of the vanquished knights or giants, who shall present themselves before her ; and we will make the experiment upon one or two of the first I overcome, and send them with orders to return and give me an account of what happens with respect to this business." —"I say, sir," replied Sancho, "that I mightily approve of, what your worship has said ; for by this trial we shall come to the knowledge of what we desire ; and if she is concealed from your worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers."

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by a cart's crossing the road before him, loaden with the strangest figures and personages imaginable. He who guided the mules and served for carter, was a frightful demon. The cart was uncovered, and opened to the sky, without awning or wicker sides. The first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes was that of Death itself, with a human visage. Close by him sat an angel, with large painted wings. On one side stood an emperor, with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death's feet sat the god called Cupid, not blindfolded, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows. There was also a knight completely armed, excepting only that he had no morion nor casque, but a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours. With these came other persons differing both in dress and countenances. All which, appearing of a sudden, did in some sort startle Don Quixote, and frightened Sancho to the heart. But the knight presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure ; so, with this thought, he planted himself just before the cart, and with a loud menacing voice, said, "Carter, coachman, demon, or whatever you are, delay not to tell me who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are carrying in that coach-waggon, which looks more like Charon's ferry-boat than any cart now in fashion." To which the demon, stopping the cart, calmly replied, "Sir, we are strolling players ; this morning, we have been performing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, a

piece representing the Parliament of Death, and this evening we are to play it again in that village just before us ; which, being so near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the clothes we are to act our parts in. That lad there acts Death ; that other an angel ; yonder woman, our author's wife, a queen ; that other a soldier ; he an emperor ; I a demon ; and I am one of the principal personages of the drama, for in this company I have all the chief parts."— " Upon the 'faith of a knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, " when I first espied this cart, I imagined some grand adventure offered itself ; and I say now, that it is absolutely necessary, if one would be undeceived, to lay one's hands upon appearances. God be with you, good people ; go and act your play, and if there be anything in which I may be of service to you, command me ; for I will do it readily, and with a goodwill, having been, from my youth, a great admirer of theatrical representations."

Just then up came one of the company, in an antic dress, hung round with abundance of bells, and carrying at the end of a stick three blown ox-bladders. This masque, approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with the stick, and to beat the bladders against the ground, jumping, and tinkling all his bells ; which so startled Rozinante, that, taking the bit between his teeth, he fell a-running about the field at a greater pace than his old bones seemed to promise. Sancho, considering the danger his master was in, leaped from Dapple, and ran to help him, but by the time he was come up to him, he was already upon the ground, and close by him Rozinante, who fell together with his master, the usual end and upshot of Rozinante's frolics and adventurings. But scarce had Sancho quitted his beast, to assist Don Quixote, when the bladder-dancing demon jumped upon Dapple, and thumping him with the bladders, fear and noise, more than the smart, made him fly through the field toward the village, where they were going to act. Sancho beheld Dapple's career, and his master's fall, and did not know which of the two necessities he should apply to first ; but, in short,

like a good squire and good servant, the love he bore his master prevailed over his affection for his ass, though every time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air, and fall upon the crupper of his Dapple, they were to him so many tortures and terrors of death, and he could have wished those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eyes, rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity and tribulation, he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished, and helping him to get upon Rozinante, said to him, "Sir, the demon has run away with Dapple."—"What demon?" demanded Don Quixote.—"He with the bladders," answered Sancho. "I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, "though he should hide him in the depths of the mighty deep. Follow me, Sancho, for the cart moves but slowly, and the nules shall make satisfaction for the loss of Dapple."—"There is no need," answered Sancho, "to make such haste; moderate your anger, sir, for the demon I think has already abandoned Dapple, and is gone his way." And so it was; for the fellow having fallen with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante, trudged on foot toward the town, and the ass turned back to his master. "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "it will not be amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this demon at the expense of some of his company, though it were the emperor himself."—"Good, your worship," said Sancho, "never think of it, but take my advice, which is, never to meddle with players, for they are a people mightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get off scot-free. Your worship must know, that as they are merry folks and give pleasure, all people favour them—everybody protects, assists, and esteems them."—"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "that farcical demon shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag, though all human kind favour him."

So saying, he rode after the cart, and calling aloud, said, "Hold, stop a little, merry sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle, which serve to mount the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote's cries were so loud, that the

players heard him, and judging of his design by his words, in an instant out jumped Death, and after him the emperor, the carter-demon, and the angel; nor did the queen, or the god Cupid, stay behind; and all of them taking up stones, ranged themselves in battle-array, waiting to receive Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing them posted in such order, and so formidable a battalion, with arms uplifted, ready to discharge a ponderous volley of stones, checked Rozinante with the bridle, and set himself to consider how he might attack them with least danger to his person. While he delayed, Sancho came up, and, seeing him in a posture of attacking that well-formed brigade, said to him, "It is mere madness, sir, to attempt such an enterprise; consider, there is no fencing against a flail, nor any defensive armour against stones and brick-bats, unless it be thrusting one's-self into a bell of brass. Consider also, that it is rather rashness than courage for one man alone to encounter an army, where Death is present, and where emperors fight in person, and are assisted by good and bad angels. But if this consideration does not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured, that among all those who stand there, though they appear to be princes, kings, and emperors, there is not one knight-errant."—"Now, indeed," said Don Quixote, "you have hit the point, Sancho, which only can, and must make me change my determinate resolution. I neither can, nor ought to draw my sword, as I have often told you, against any who are not dubbed knights. To you it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to your Dapple; and I from hence will encourage and assist you with my voice, and with salutary instructions."—"There is no need, sir, to be revenged on anybody; for good Christians should not take revenge for injuries; besides, I will settle it with my ass to submit the injury done him to my will, which is, to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall give me of life."—"Since this is your resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho, and pure Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adven-

tures ; for this country, I see, is like to afford us many and very extraordinary ones." Then he wheeled Rozinante about ; Sancho took his Dapple ; Death and all his flying squadron returned to their cart, and pursued their way. And this was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of Death's cart ; thanks to the wholesome advice Sancho Panza gave his master.

CHAPTER XII.

*The Knight of the Looking-glasses—Don Quixote overthrows
him in combat.*



ON QUIXOTE and his squire passed the night under some lofty and shady trees. The knight, at Sancho's persuasion, refreshed himself with some of the provisions carried by Dapple; and, during supper, Sancho said to his master, "Sir, what a fool should I have been, had I chosen, as a reward for my good news, the spoils of the first adventure your worship should achieve, before the three ass-colts! Verily, verily, a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing."

Presently they had a mind to sleep; so Sancho, unrigging Dapple, turned him loose into abundant pasture. But he did not take off the saddle from Rozinante's back, it being the express command of his master, that he should continue saddled all the time they kept the field or did not sleep under a roof; for it was an ancient established custom, and religiously observed among knights-errant, to take off the bridle, and hang it at the pommel of the saddle, but by no means to take off the saddle. Sancho observed this rule, and gave Rozinante the same liberty he had given Dapple—the friendship of which pair was so singular and reciprocal, that as soon as the two beasts came together, they would fall to scratching one another with their teeth, and when they were tired, or satisfied, Rozinante would stretch his neck at least half a yard across Dapple's, and both, fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three

days in that manner, at least so long as they were let alone, or till hunger compelled them to seek some food.

• At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak. But it was not long before he was awakened by a noise behind him, and presently perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting said to the other, "Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses; for this place seems as if it would afford them pasture enough, and me that silence and solitude my thoughts require." Then, throwing himself down, his armour made a rattling noise; from whence Don Quixote concluded he must be a knight-errant; so going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with some difficulty waked him, he then said, with a low voice, "Brother Sancho, we have an adventure."—"Heaven send it be a good one," answered Sancho; "and pray, sir, where may her ladyship Madam Adventure be?"—"Where, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote. "Turn your eyes and look, and you will see a knight-errant lying along, who, to my thoughts, does not seem to be over-pleased; for I saw him throw himself off his horse, and stretch himself on the ground, with some signs of discontent; and his armour rattled as he fell."—"But by what do you gather," said Sancho, "that this is an adventure?"—"I will not say," answered Don Quixote, "that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to one; for adventures usually begin thus."

By this time the strange knight began to sing a doleful ballad, ending it with a groan as if from the bottom of his heart; and then he was heard mournfully saying, "Oh, the most beautiful and most ungrateful woman of the world! Is it then possible, Casildea de Vandalia, that you should suffer this your captive knight to consume and pine away in continual travels and laborious toils? Is it not enough that I have caused you to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world by all the knights of Navarre, all those of Leon, all the Andalusians, all the Castilians, ay, and all the knights of La Mancha too?"—"Not so," said Don Quixote; "for I am of La Mancha, and never have acknowledged any such thing; neither could I, nor

ought I, to confess a thing so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress. Now you see, Sancho, how this knight raves." Hearing voices, the knight called to them, and Don Quixote, with Sancho, went up to him; who, laying hold of Don Quixote by the arm, said, "Sit down here, Sir Knight." So they sat down together upon the hard ground, very peaceably and sociably, as if, at daybreak, they were not to break one another's heads. "Peradventure you are in love, Sir Knight," said he of the Wood to Don Quixote. "By misadventure I am," answered Don Quixote; "though the mischiefs arising from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than disasters."—"That is true," replied he of the Wood, "supposing that disdain did not disturb our reason and understanding; but when they are many, they seem to have the nature of revenge."—"I never was disdained by my mistress," answered Don Quixote. "No, verily," said Sancho, who stood close by; "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as a pat of butter"—"Is this your squire?" demanded the Knight of the Wood. "He is," replied Don Quixote. "I never in my life saw a squire," replied the Knight of the Wood, "who durst presume to talk where his lord was talking; at least, yonder stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking."—"In faith," said Sancho, "I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as—, and perhaps,— but let that rest; for the less said the better." Here the Knight of the Wood's squire took Sancho by the arm, and said, "Let us two go where we may talk by ourselves, in squire-like discourse, all we have a mind to, and leave these masters of ours to their own prate."

Having gone a little apart, the Squire of the Wood said to Sancho, "It is a toilsome life we lead, sir, we who are squires to knights-errant; in good truth we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents."—"It may also be said," added Sancho, "that we eat it in the frost of our bodies; for who endure more heat and cold than your miserable squires to knight-errantry? nay, it would not be quite so bad did we but eat at all, for good fare

lessens care ; but it now and then happens that we pass a whole day or two without breaking our fast, unless it be upon air.”—“All this may be endured,” said he of the Wood, “with the hopes we entertain of the reward ; for if the knight-errant, whom the squire serves, is not over and above unlucky, he must in a short time find himself recompensed, at least with a handsome government of some island, or some pretty earldom.”—“I,” replied Sancho, “have already told my master that I should be satisfied with the government of any island ; and he is so noble and so generous, that he has promised me a thousand times.”—“I,” said he of the Wood, “should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry ; and my master has already ordered me one.”—“Why, then,” said Sancho, “belike your master is a knight in the ecclesiastical way, and so has it in his power to bestow these sorts of rewards on his faithful squires ; but mine is a mere layman, though I remember some discreet persons (but in my opinion with no very good design) advised him to endeavour to be an archbishop ; but he rejected their counsel, and would be nothing but an emperor. I trembled all the while, lest he should take it into his head to be of the church, because I am not qualified to hold ecclesiastical preferments ; and, to say the truth, sir, though I look like a man, I am a very beast in church matters.”—“Truly, you are under a great mistake,” said he of the Wood ; “for your island governments are not all of them so inviting. It would be far better for us, who profess this service, to go home to our houses, and pass our time there in more easy employments—such as hunting or fishing ; for what squire is there in the world so poor as not to have his nag, his brace of greyhounds, and his angle-rod, to divert himself withal in his own village ?”

“I want nothing of all this,” answered Sancho ; “it is true, indeed, I have no horse, but then I have an ass that is worth twice as much as my master’s steed. Hang it ! if I would swap with him, though he should give me four bushels of barley to boot. Perhaps, sir, you will take for a joke the price I set upon my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of my ass. And then I

cannot want greyhounds, our town being overstocked with them; besides, sporting is the more pleasant when it is at other people's cost."

Here the Squire of the Wood said, "Methinks, we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roof of our mouths; but I have brought, hanging at my saddle-bow, that which will loosen them." And, rising up, he soon returned with a large bottle of wine, and a pasty half a yard long; for it was of a rabbit, so large, that Sancho, at lifting it, thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a large kid. "And do you carry all this about with you?" said he. "Why," answered the other, "I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse, than a general has with him upon a march." Sancho at once fell to; and swallowing mouthfuls in the dark, said, "Your worship is indeed a squire, wanting for nothing, as this banquet shows; and not like me, a poor unfortunate wretch, who have nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, so hard you might knock out a giant's brains with it; and, to bear it company, four dozen of acorns, and as many hazel-nuts and walnuts; thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the opinion he has, that knights-errant ought to feed only upon dried fruits and wild salads."—"By my faith, brother," replied he of the Wood, "I have no stomach for your wild pears, or your sweet thistles, or your mountain roots; let our masters have them, with their laws of chivalry; and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-pommel, happen what will." And so saying, he put it into Sancho's hand, who, grasping and setting it to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour; and having done drinking, he let fall his head on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, said, "Oh, how good it is! But tell me, sir, is not this wine of Ciudad Real?"—"You have a distinguishing palate," answered he of the Wood; "it is of no other growth, and besides has some years over its head."—"Trust me for that," said Sancho, "I always hit right, and guess the kind. But no wonder; for I have had in my family, by the father's side, the two most exquisite tasters that La Mancha has known for many ages; for proof whereof, there

happened to them what I am going to relate. To each of them was given a taste of a certain hogshead, and their opinion asked of the condition, quality, goodness, or badness of the wine. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue, the other put it to his nose. The first said the wine savoured of iron, the second said it had rather a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested the vessel was clean, and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to what they had said. Time went on ; the wine was sold off, and at rincing the hogshead, there was found in it a small key hanging to a leather thong. Judge then, sir, whether one of that race may not very well undertake to give his opinion in these matters."

While the squires were thus talking, their masters were not silent ; and the Knight of the Wood informed Don Quixote that the lady upon whom his love was placed was the peerless Casildea de Vandalia ; " who," continued he, " has at last commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, and oblige all the knights I shall find wandering therein to confess that she alone excels in beauty all beauties this day living, and that I am the most valiant knight in the world. In obedience to which command, I have already traversed the greatest part of Spain, and have vanquished divers knights who have dared to contradict me. But what I am most proud of, and value myself most upon is, the having vanquished, in single combat, the so renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea : and I make account, that in this conquest alone, I have vanquished all the knights in the world ; for that very Don Quixote I speak of has conquered them all, and I, having overcome him, his glory, his fame, and his honour, are transferred and passed over to my person ; so that the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are already mine, and placed to my account."

Don Quixote was amazed to hear the Knight of the Wood, and " you lie " was at the tip of his tongue ; but he restrained himself the best he could, in order to make him confess the lie

with his own mouth, and therefore said very calmly, "Sir Knight, that you may have vanquished most of the knights-errant of Spain, yea, and of the whole world, I will not dispute; but, that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I somewhat doubt: it might, indeed, be somebody resembling him, though there are very few such."—"Why not?" replied he of the Wood; "by the canopy of Heaven, I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him submit: by the same token that he is tall of stature, thin-visaged, upright-bodied, robust-limbed, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, with large black mustachoes; he gives himself the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure; his squire is a country fellow, called Sancho Panza; he rides a famous steed called Rozinante: in a word, he has for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso. If all these tokens are not sufficient to prove the truth of what I say, here is my sword which shall make incredulity itself believe it."—"Be not in a passion, Sir Knight," said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to say. You are to know, that this Don Quixote you speak of is the dearest friend I have in the world, insomuch that I may say he is, as it were, my very self; and by the tokens and marks you have given of him, so exact, and so precise, I cannot but think it must be himself that you have subdued. On the other side, I see with my eyes, and feel with my hands, that it cannot be the same, unless it be, that, having many enchanters his enemies, some one or other of them may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired over the face of the whole earth. And for confirmation hereof, you must know, that these enchanters, his enemies, but two days ago, transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into those of a dirty, mean country wench, and in like manner they must have transformed Don Quixote. And if all this be not sufficient to justify this truth, here stands Don Quixote himself, ready to maintain it by force of arms, on foot, or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please." So saying, he rose up, and grasping his sword, expected what resolution the Knight of the Wood would take; who very calmly answered, "He who

could once vanquish you, Signor Don Quixote, when transformed, may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means do their feats of arms in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight ; and the condition of our combat shall be, that the conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, to do with him whatever he pleases, provided always that he command nothing but what a knight may with honour submit to.”—“ I am entirely satisfied with this condition,” answered Don Quixote ; and hereupon they both went to look for their squires, whom they found snoring in the very same posture in which they had fallen asleep. They awaked them, and ordered them, to get ready their steeds, for, at sunrise, they were to engage in a deadly and unparalleled single combat. At which news Sancho was thunderstruck, and ready to swoon, in dread of his master’s safety, from what he had heard the Squire of the Wood tell of his master’s valour. But the two squires without speaking a word went to look after their cattle, and found them all together ; for the three horses and Dapple had already made friends.

By the way, the Squire of the Wood said to Sancho, “ You must understand, brother, that the fighters of Andalusia have a custom when they are seconds in any combat, not to stand idle with their arms across, while the others are fighting. • This I say to give you notice, that while our masters are engaged, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another.”—“ This custom, signor squire,” answered Sancho, “ may be current among the ruffians and fighters you speak of ; but among the squires of knights-errant, no, not in thought ; at least I have not heard my master talk of any such custom, and he has all the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry by heart. But taking it for granted that there is an express statute for the squires engaging while their masters are at it, yet will I not comply with it, but rather pay the penalty imposed upon such peaceable squires, which I daresay cannot be above a couple of pounds of white wax ; and I will rather pay them, for I know they will cost me less than the money I shall spend in plasters to get my head cured, which

I already reckon as cut and divided in twain. Besides, another thing which makes it impossible for me to fight is, my having no sword, for I never wore one in my life."—"I know a remedy for that," said he of the Wood. "I have here a couple of linen bags of the same size; you shall take one and I the other, and we will have a bout at bag-blows with equal weapons."—"With all my heart," answered Sancho; "for such a battle will rather dust our jackets, than wound our persons."—"It must not be quite so either," replied the other; "for, lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half a dozen clean and smooth pebbles, of equal weight; and thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage."—"Body of my father!" answered Sancho, "what sable fur, what bottoms of carded cotton, he puts into the bags, that we may not break our noddles, or beat our bones to powder! But though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, be it known to you, sir, I shall not fight: let our masters fight, and hear of it in another world, and let us drink and live; for time takes care to take away our lives, without our seeking new appetites to destroy them before they reach their appointed term, and drop with ripeness."—"For all that," replied he of the Wood, "we must fight, if it be but for half an hour."—"No, no," answered Sancho; "I shall not be so discourteous, or so ungrateful, as to have any quarrel at all, be it never so little, with a gentleman, after having eaten of his bread and drunk of his drink: besides, who the dickens can set about dry fighting, without anger and without provocation."—"If that be all," said he of the Wood, "I will provide a sufficient remedy; which is, that before we begin the combat, I will come up to your worship, and fairly give you three or four good cuffs, which will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse."—"Against that expedient," answered Sancho, "I have another not a whit behind it: I will take a good cudgel, and before you reach me to awaken my choler, I will bastinado yours so sound asleep, that it shall never awake more but in another world, where it is well known I am not a man to let anybody handle my face: and let every one take heed to the arrow though the safest way would be for each man

to let his choler sleep ; for nobody knows what is in another, and some people go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves ; and in all times blessed are the peace-makers, and cursed the peace-breakers : for if a cat, pursued and pent in a room, and hard put to it, turns into a lion, goodness knows what I, that am a man, may turn into ;—and therefore, from henceforward I intimate to your worship, signor squire, that all the damage and mischief that shall result from our quarrel must be placed to your account.”—“ It is well,” replied he of the Wood ; “ come daylight, and we shall see how it will be.”

When the two knights met, Don Quixote viewed his antagonist, and found he had his helmet on, and the beaver down, so that he could not see his face ; but he observed him to be a strong-made man, and not very tall. Over his armour he wore a kind of loose coat, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with sundry little moons of resplendent looking-glass ; which made him proper to be called the Knight of the Looking-glasses, rather than of the Wood. A great number of green, yellow, and white feathers waved about his helmet. His lance, which stood leaning against a tree, was very large and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. Don Quixote viewed and noted everything, judging by all he saw and remarked, that the aforesaid knight must needs be of great strength ; but he was not therefore daunted ; on the contrary, with a gailiant boldness, he said to the Knight of the Looking-glasses, “ Sir Knight, if your great eagerness to fight has not exhausted too much of your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to that of your figure.”—“ Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir Knight,” answered he of the Looking-glasses, “ there will be time and leisure enough for seeing me ; and if I do not now comply with your desires, it is because I think I should do a very great wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to lose so much time, as the lifting up my beaver would take up, before I make you confess what you know I pretend to.”—“ However, while we are getting on horseback,” said Don Quixote, “ you may

easily tell whether I am that Don Quixote you said you had vanquished."—"To this I answer," said he of the Looking-glasses, "that you are as like that very knight I vanquished, as one egg is like another; but since you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not be positive whether you are the same person or no."—"That is sufficient," answered Don Quixote, "to make me believe you are deceived; however, to undeceive you quite, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in lifting up your beaver, if Heaven, my mistress, and my arm, avail me, I will see your face, and you shall see I am not that vanquished Don Quixote you imagine."

Then, cutting short the discourse, they mounted; and Don Quixote wheeling Rozinante about, to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering his opponent, he of the Looking-glasses did the like. But Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces when he heard himself called to by the knight; so, meeting each other half-way, he of the Looking-glasses said, "Take notice, Sir Knight, that the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I said before, shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror."—"I know it," answered Don Quixote, "provided that what is commanded and imposed on the vanquished shall not exceed, or derogate from, the laws of chivalry."—"So it is to be understood," answered he of the Looking-glasses. At this juncture, Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, ran after him, holding him by the back guard of Rozinante's saddle; and when he thought it was time for him to face about, he said, "I beseech your worship, dear sir, that, before you turn about to engage, you will be so kind as to help me up into yon cork-tree, from whence I can see better, and more to my liking, than from the ground, the gallant encounter you are about to have with that knight." For in truth he did not above half like being left alone with that squire.

While Don Quixote was busied in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, he of the Looking-glasses took as large a circuit as he thought necessary, and believing that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or any

other signal, turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active, or more promising than Rozinante; and at his best speed, which was a middling trot, advanced to encounter his enemy; but seeing him employed in helping up Sancho, he reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career; for which his horse was most thankful, being not able to stir any farther.

Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rozinante's ~~lean~~ flanks, and made him so bestir himself, that, as it is believed, this was the only time he was known to do something like running; a trot being his best pace. With this unspeakable fury he soon came up where he of the Looking-glasses stood, striking his spurs up to the very rowels in his steed, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place where he made a full stand in his career. At this juncture, Don Quixote, finding his adversary embarrassed with his horse, and encumbered with his lance (for either he did not know how, or had not time to set it in its rest), attacked him with such force, that he bore him to the ground over his horse's crupper—where such was his fall, that he lay motionless without any signs of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he slid down from the cork-trec, and in all haste ran to his master; who, alighting from Rozinante, was got upon him of the Looking-glasses, and unlacing his helmet, to see whether he was dead, or to give him air, if perchance he was alive; when he saw—but who can express what he saw? He saw the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very picture of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and as soon as he saw him, he cried out, "Come hither, Sancho, and behold what you must see but not believe; make haste, son, and observe what wizards and enchanters can do." Sancho approached, and, seeing the bachelor's face, began to bless himself a thousand times over, saying to his master, "I am of opinion, sir, that, right or wrong, your worship should thrust the sword down the throat of him who seems so like the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; perhaps in him you may kill some one of those enchanters your enemies."—"You do not say amiss," said Don

Quixote ; "for the fewer our enemies are the better ;" and drawing his sword to put Sancho's advice in execution, the squire of the Looking-glasses drew near, crying aloud, "Have a care, Signor Don Quixote, what you do ; for he who lies at your feet is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire." Sancho, seeing him without a false nose, which the man had worn for disguise, exclaimed, "Bless me ! Is not this Tom Cecial, my neighbour ?"—"Indeed am I," answered the un-nosed squire ; "Tom Cecial I am, neighbour and friend to Sancho Panza ; and I will inform you presently what lies and wiles brought me hither. In the meantime beg and entreat your master not to touch, or kill the Knight of the Looking-glasses now at his feet ; for there is nothing more sure than that he is the daring and ill-advised bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, our countryman."

By this time he of the Looking-glasses was come to himself ; which Don Quixote perceiving, clapped the point of the naked sword to his throat, and said, "You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia ; and further, you must promise, if you escape from this conflict with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit ; and, if she leaves you at your own disposal, then you shall return, and find me out, to tell me what passes between her and you ; these conditions being entirely conformable to our articles before our battle, and not exceeding the rules of knight-errantry."—"I confess," said the fallen knight, "that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to th. ill-combed, though clean locks of Casildea ; and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you an exact and particular account of what you require of me."—"You must likewise confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight you vanquished was not, and could not, be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else like him ; as I do confess and believe that you, though, in appearance, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, are not he, but some other whom my enemies have

purposely transformed into his likeness, to restrain the impetuosity of my choler, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest."—"I confess, judge of, and allow everything, as you believe, judge of, and allow," answered the disjointed knight; "suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if the hurt of my fall will permit, which has left me sorely bruised." Don Quixote helped him to rise, as did his squire, Tom Cecial, from off whom Sancho could not remove his eyes, asking him things, the answers to which convinced him evidently of his being really that Tom Cecial he said he was. But he was so prepossessed by what his master had said of the enchanters having changed the Knight of the Looking-glasses into the 'bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that he could not give credit to what he saw with his eyes. In short, master and man remained under this mistake; and he of the Looking-glasses, with his squire, much out of humour and in ill plight, parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look for some convenient place, where he might plaister himself and bind up his broken ribs; the knight and his squire meanwhile continuing their journey to Saragossa.

Now, in truth, it must be said that the bachelor had "gone out for wool, and came back shorn;" for his setting-off as a knight-errant, and encountering Don Quixote, was a trick got up between himself and the priest (who never doubted that he would easily upset the old knight), to bring Don Quixote home, and make him stay there quietly, under delusion of his being bound by a knightly vow so to do. And in a very unamiable mood, nay, vowing vengeance on his adversary, he crawled, with his squire, to a neighbouring village, where he luckily got his bones set.

CHAPTER XIII.

Don Diego de Miranda—Adventure of the lions.

DON QUIXOTE pursued his journey with extreme pleasure, satisfaction, and self-conceit; imagining, upon account of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight-errant the world could boast of in that age. He was wholly taken up with such thoughts, when Sancho said to him, "Is it not strange, sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous nose of my neighbour, Tom Cecial?"—"And do you really believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the Knight of the Looking-glasses was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire Tom Cecial, your neighbour?"—"I know not what to say to that," answered Sancho; "I only know, that what he told me of my house, wife, and children, could have been said by nobody else but himself; and his face, when his nose was off, was Tom Cecial's own, as I have seen it very often in our village, next door to my house: and the tone of the voice was also the very same."—"Come on," replied Don Quixote; "let us reason a little upon this business. How can any one imagine, that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come knight-errant-wise, armed at all points to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? Have I ever given him occasion to bear me a grudge? Am I his rival? Or does he make profession of arms, as envying the fame I have acquired by them?"—"What then shall we say, sir," answered Sancho, "to that knight's being so very like Sampson Carrasco, be he who he would, and his squire so like Tom Cecial?"—"The whole," answered Don Quixote, "is a trick of

the wicked magicians, who persecute me ; who, foreseeing that I was to come off vanquisher in the conflict, contrived that the vanquished knight should have the face of my friend the bachelor, that the kindness I have for him might interpose between the edge of my sword and the rigour of my arm, and moderate the just indignation of my breast ; so that by this means he might escape with his life, who, by cunning devices and false appearances, sought to take away mine. For proof whereof, you already know, O Sancho, by infallible experience, how easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul and the foul fair ; since, not two days ago, you beheld with your own eyes the beauty and bravery of the peerless Dulcinea in their highest perfection, and at the same time I saw her under the plainness and deformity of a rude country wench, smelling of garlic. And if the perverse enchanter durst make so wicked a transformation, no wonder if he has done the like as to Sampson Carrasco and your neighbour, in order to snatch the glory of the victory out of my hands. Nevertheless, I comfort myself : for, in short, be it under what shape soever, I have got the better of my enemy."

"Heaven knows the truth," answered Sancho ; who, well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was all his own plot and device, was not satisfied with his master's chimerical notions, but would make no reply, lest he should let fall some word that might discover his cheat.

While they were thus discoursing, there overtook them a man upon a very fine flea-bitten mare, clad in a surtout of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunter's cap of the same ; the mare's furniture was adapted for field sports, murry-coloured, and green. He had a Moorish scimitar hanging at a shoulder-belt of green and gold ; and his buskins wrought like the belt. His spurs were not gilt, but varnished with green, so neat and polished, that they suited his clothes better than if they had been of pure gold. When the traveller came up to them, he saluted them courteously ; then spurring his mare, and keeping a little off, was passing on. But Don Quixote called to him, "Courteous sir, if you are going our way,

and are not in haste, I should take it for a favour if we might join company." The traveller at this checked his mare, wondering at the air and countenance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried, like a cloak-bag, at the pommel of his ass's saddle. And if the gentleman in green gazed much at Don Quixote, Don Quixote stared no less at him, taking him to be some person of consequence. He seemed to be about fifty years of age; had but few gray hairs; his face slender; his aspect between merry and serious; in a word, his mien and appearance spoke him to be a man of worth. What he in green thought of Don Quixote was, that he had never seen such a figure of a man before. He wondered at his lanky horse, at the tallness of his stature, the meagreness of his aspect, his armour, and his deportment; the whole such an odd figure, as had not been seen in that country for many years past.

Don Quixote took good notice how the traveller surveyed him; and being the pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing everybody, before the traveller could ask him any question, prevented him, saying, "This figure of mine, which your worship sees, being so new, and so much out of the way of what is generally in fashion, I do not wonder if you are surprised at it; but you will cease to be so when I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those knights whom people call seekers of adventures. I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my ease and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. I had a mind to revive the long-deceased chivalry; and, for some time past, stumbling here and tumbling there, falling headlong in one place and getting up again in another, I have accomplished a great part of my design—succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding married women and orphans—the natural and proper office of knights-errant. Finally, in a word, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.' So that, worthy sir, neither this horse, this lance, this shield, nor this squire, nor all this armour together, nor the wanness of my visage, nor my meagre lankness, ought from henceforward to

be matter of wonder to you, now that you know who I am, and the profession I follow."

Here he was silent, and the one in green, after some pause, said, "Sir Knight, you judged right of my desire by my surprise; but you have not removed the wonder raised in me at seeing you; on the contrary, now that I know it, I am in greater admiration and surprise than before. What! is it possible that there are knights-errant now in the world? I never could have thought there was anybody now upon earth who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided married women, or protected orphans, nor should yet have believed it, had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be Heaven for the same!"

He then, in answer to the knight's inquiry, said, "I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, am a gentleman, native of a village where I trust we shall dine to-day. I am more than indifferently rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children, and my friends. My diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, only some decoy partridges, and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some of history, and some of devotion; those of chivalry have not yet come over my threshold. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, and sometimes I invite them; my table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished. I neither censure others myself, nor allow others to do it before me. I inquire not into other men's lives, nor am I sharp-sighted to pry into their actions. I hear service every day; I share my substance with the poor, making no parade with my good works, nor harbouring in my breast hypocrisy and vain-glory,—those enemies which so slyly get possession of the best-guarded hearts. I endeavour to make peace between those that are at variance; and I always trust in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho was very attentive to this relation of the gentleman's life and conversation, which appeared to him to be good and holy; and, thinking that one of such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself off his Dapple, and running

AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA.

hastily, laid hold of Don Diego's right stirrup, whilst, with a devout heart and almost weeping eyes, he kissed his feet more than once; which the gentleman perceiving, said, "What mean you, brother? What kisses are these?"—"Pray, let me kiss on," answered Sancho; "for your worship is the first saint on horseback I ever saw in all the days of my life."—"I am no saint," answered the gentleman, "but a great sinner; you, brother, must needs be very good, as your simplicity proves." Sancho went off, and got again upon his ass, having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh admiration in Don Diego.

So they rode on together, in pleasant conversation; Don Quixote expressing himself so justly, that the gentleman in green began to waver in his opinion as to his being a madman. But in the midst of it, Sancho had gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds, who were hard by milking some ewes. And now the gentleman, highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ability and good sense, was renewing the discourse, when, on a sudden, the knight, lifting up his eyes, perceived a car with royal banners coming the same road they were going, and believing it to be some new adventure, called aloud to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called, left the shepherds, and in all haste, pricking his Dapple, came where his master was, when there befell a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.

Now when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, the squire was buying some curds of the shepherds; and, being hurried by the violent haste his master was in, knew not what to do with them; so, that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet. With this excellent shift, back he came to learn the commands of his lord, who said to him, "Friend, give me the helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that which I descry yonder is one that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms." He in the green riding-coat, hearing this, cast his eyes every way as far as he could, and discovered nothing but a car coming towards them with two or three small

flags, by which he conjectured, that the said car was bringing some of the king's money, and so he told Don Quixote, who believed him not, always thinking and imagining that everything that befell him must be an adventure ; and thus he replied to the gentleman, "Preparation is half the battle, and nothing is lost by being upon one's guard. I know by experience that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when, or from what quarter, or at what time, or in what shape, they will encounter me." Then, turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and without minding what was in it, clapped it hastily upon his head ; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down his face and beard, at which the knight was so startled, that he said to Sancho, "What can this mean, Sancho? Methinks, my skull is softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot ; and if I do really sweat, in truth it is not through fear, though I verily believe I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. If you have anything to wipe withal, give it me ; for the copious sweat quite blinds my eyes." Sancho said nothing, but gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to Heaven that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and taking off his helmet, to see what it was that so over-cooled his head, saw some white lumps in it, which he put to his nose, and, smelling them, said, "By the life of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they are curds you have clapped in here, vile traitor, and inconsiderate squire!" To which Sancho answered, with great composure, "If they are curds, give me them to eat ; but the hangman eat them for me, for it must be he that put them there. What ! I offer to foul your worship's helmet ? In faith, sir, I too have my enchanters, who persecute me as a creature and member of your worship, and, I warrant, have put that filthiness there, to stir your patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to bang my sides as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim ; for I trust to the candid judgment of my master, who will consider that I have neither curds nor

cream, nor anything like it ; and that, if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach than into your honour's helmet."—"It may be so," said Don Quixote. All this the gentleman saw, and saw with admiration, especially when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapped it on, and fixing himself firm in his stirrups, then trying the easy drawing of his sword, and grasping his lance, said, "Now come what will ; for here I am prepared to encounter Satan himself in person."

By this time the car with the flags was come up, and nobody with it but the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore-part. Don Quixote planted himself just before them, and said, "Whither go ye, brethren ? what car is this ? what have you in it too ? and what banners are those ?" To which the carter answered, "The car is mine, and in it are two fierce lions ; the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the car is his."—"And are the lions large ?" demanded Don Quixote. "So large," replied the man, "that larger never came from Africa into Spain. I am their keeper, and have had charge of several, but never of any so large as these ; at present they are hungry, not having eaten to-day ; and therefore, sir, get out of the way, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them." At which Don Quixote, smiling a little, said, "To me your lion-whelps ! your lion-whelps to me ! and at this time of day ! By this blessed sun, those who sent them hither, shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend ; and since you are their keeper, open the cages, and turn out those beasts ; for in the midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me."—"Very well," said the gentleman to himself. "Our good knight has given us a specimen of what he is ; doubtless, the curds have softened his skull, and ripened his brains." Then Sancho came to him, and said, "For Heaven's sake, sir, order it so that my master Don Quixote may not encounter these lions, for if he does, they will tear us all to pieces."—"What, then, is your master really so mad." answered the gentleman,

“that you fear and believe he will attack such fierce animals?”

“He is not mad,” answered Sancho, “but daring.”—“I will make him desist,” replied the gentleman; and going to Don Quixote, who was hastening the keeper to open the cages, he said, “Sir, knights errant should undertake adventures which promise good success, and not such as are quite desperate. These lions do not come to assail your worship, nor do they so much as dream of any such thing; they are going to be presented to His Majesty, and it is not proper to detain them or hinder their journey.”—“Sweet sir,” answered Don Quixote, “go hence, and mind your decoy partridge and your stout ferret; and leave every one to his own business. This is mine; and I will know whether these gentlemen lions come against me or no.” And, turning to the keeper, he said, “I vow, Don Rascal, if you do not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin you to the car.” The carter, seeing the resolution of this armed apparition, said, “Good sir, for charity’s sake, be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions are let loose; for should my cattle be killed, I am undone for all the days of my life, having no other livelihood but this car and these mules.”—“O man of little faith!” answered Don Quixote, “alight and unyoke, and do what you will; for you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble.”

The carter alighted, and unyoked in great haste; and the keeper said aloud, “Bear witness, all here present, that, against my will, and by compulsion, I open the cages, and let loose the lions; and that I enter my protest against this gentleman, that all the harm and mischief these beasts do shall stand and be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above. Pray, gentlemen, shift for yourselves before I open; for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt.” Again the gentleman pressed Don Quixote to desist from doing so mad a thing, it being to tempt God to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote replied that he knew what he did. The gentleman rejoined, bidding him consider well of it, for he was certain he deceived himself. “Nay, sir,” replied Don

Quixote, "if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your flea-bitten, and save yourself." Sancho, hearing this, besought him, with tears in his eyes, to desist from that enterprise, in comparison whereof that of the windmills, and that fearful one of the fulling-mill hammers—in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life, were mere tarts and cheesecakes. "Consider, sir," said Sancho, "that here is no enchantment, nor anything like it, for I have seen, through the grates and chinks of the cage, the claw of a true lion; and I guess by it that the lion to whom such a claw belongs, is bigger than a mountain."—"However it be," answered Don Quixote, "fear will make it appear to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die here, you know our old agreement: repair to Dulcinea; I say no more." He in green would fain have opposed him, but found himself unequally matched in weapons and armour; nor did he think it prudent to engage with a madman; for such, by this time, he took Don Quixote to be in all points; who hastening the keeper, and reiterating his menaces, the gentleman took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, Sancho to Dapple, and the carter to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the lions. He cursed his hard fortune, and the unlucky hour that it came into his head to serve him again; but, for all his tears and lamentations, he ceased not punching his Dapple to get far enough from the car. The keeper seeing that the fugitives were got a good way off, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quixote, who answered that he heard him, and that he should trouble himself with no more arguments or entreaties, for all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste.

Whilst the keeper delayed opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback. At last he determined to fight on foot, lest Rozinante should be terrified at sight of the lions. Thereupon he leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance,

braced on his shield, and drew his sword ; and marching slowly, with marvellous intrepidity, and an undaunted heart, planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself, first to Heaven, then to his mistress Dulcinea.

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the lion, on pain of falling under the displeasure of the angry and daring knight, set wide open the door of the first cage, where it lay, appearing to be of an extraordinary bigness, and of a hideous and frightful aspect. The first thing the lion did was, to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he gaped and yawned very leisurely ; then licked the dust off his eyes, and washed his face, with some half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides with eyes like live coals—a sight and aspect enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote only observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out from the car, and grapple with him, that he might tear him in pieces. But the generous beast, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, as has been said, turned his back and showed his tail to Don Quixote ; after which, with great calmness, he laid himself down again in the cage. Don Quixote perceiving this, ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. “That I will not do,” answered the keeper ; “for, should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, Signor Cavalier, with what is done, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open, and it is in his choice to come forth or not ; and since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day. The greatness of your worship’s courage is already sufficiently shown. No brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to do more than to challenge his foe and expect him in the field ; and if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of conquest.”—“That is true,” answered Don Quixote. “Shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen and

do here. It is fit it should be known, how you opened to the lion; I waited for him; he came not out; I waited for him again; again he came not out; and again he laid him down. I am bound to no more—enchantments, avaunt. So Heaven prosper right and justice, and true chivalry. Shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth.”

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of his lance the linen cloth wherewith he had wiped the torrent of the curds from off his face, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, turning about their heads at every step, all in a troop, and the gentleman at the head of them. But Sancho, chancing to espy the signal of the white cloth, said, “May I be hanged if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls to us.” They all halted, and knew that it was Don Quixote who made the sign; so, abating some part of their fear, they drew nearer by degrees, till they came where they could distinctly hear him calling to them. When they came back to the car, Don Quixote said to the carter, “Put to your mules again, brother, and continue your journey; and, Sancho, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them.”—“That I will, with all my heart,” answered Sancho; “but what is become of the lions? are they dead or alive?” Then the keeper, very minutely, and with proper pauses, related the success of the conflict, exaggerating the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the abashed lion would not, or durst not, stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while; and upon his representing to the knight, that it was tempting God to provoke the lion, and to make him come out by force, as he would have had him do, whether he would or no, and wholly against his will, he had suffered the cage door to be shut. “What think you of this, Sancho?” asked Don Quixote; “can any enchantments prevail against true courage? With ease may the enchanters deprive me of good fortune; but of courage and resolution they never can.” Sancho gave the gold crowns; the carter put to; the keeper kissed Don Quixote’s hands for the favour

received, and promised him to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself when he came to court. "If, perchance, His Majesty," said Don Quixote, "should inquire who performed it, tell him 'the Knight of the Lions;' for, from henceforward, I resolve that the title I have hitherto borne, of 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure,' shall be changed and altered to this; and herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names when they had a mind or whenever it served their turn."

The car went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he in the green surtout, pursued their journey. In all this time, Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being all attention to observe and remark the actions and words of Don Quixote, taking him to be a sensible madman, and a madman bordering upon good sense; because what he spoke was coherent, elegant, and well said, and what he did was extravagant, rash, and foolish. "For," said he to himself, "what greater madness can there be than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and persuade one's-self that enchanters have melted one's skull? and what greater rashness and extravagance than to resolve to fight with lions?"

Don Quixote interrupted him by saying, "Doubtless, signor, in your opinion I must needs pass for an extravagant madman; and no wonder it should be so, for my actions indicate no less. But it being my lot to be one of the number of knights-errant, I cannot decline undertaking whatever I imagine to come within the verge of my profession; and, therefore, encountering these lions, as I just now did, belonged to me directly, though I knew it to be most extravagant rashness. I very well know that fortitude is a virtue placed between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and rashness; but it is better the valiant should rise to the high pitch of temerity, than sink to the low point of cowardice. For, as it is easier for the prodigal to become liberal, than for the covetous, so it is much easier for the rash to hit upon being truly valiant, than for the coward to rise to true valour; and, as to undertaking adventures, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to lose

the game by a card too much than one too little ; for it sounds better in the ears of those that hear it, such a knight is rash and daring, than such a knight is timorous and cowardly."

"I say, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Diego, "that all you have said and done is levelled by the line of right reason ; and I think, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship's breast, as in their proper depository. But let us make haste, for it grows late ; and let us get to my village and house, where you may repose and refresh yourself after your late toil, which, if not of the body, has been a labour of the mind, which often affects the body too."—"I accept of the offer as a great favour and kindness, Signor Don Diego," answered Don Quixote ; and spurring on a little more than they had hitherto done, it was about two in the afternoon when they arrived at the village, and the house of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called "The Knight of the Green Riding-coat." The house was spacious, after the country fashion, having the arms of the family carved in rough stone over the great gates, the buttery in the courtyard, the cellar under the porch, and several earthen wine-jars placed round about it ; which, being of the ware of Toboso, renewed the memory of his enchanted Dulcinea ; and, without considering what he said, or before whom, he sighed, and cried, "O sweet pledges, found now to my sorrow ; sweet and joyous, when Heaven would have it so ! O ye Tobosian jars, that have brought back to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness !" This was overheard by Don Diego's son, who, with his mother, was come out to receive him ; and both mother and son were in admiration at the strange figure of Don Quixote, who, alighting from Rozinante, very courteously desired leave to kiss the lady's hands ; while Don Diego said, "Receive, madam, with your accustomed civility, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha here present, a knight-errant, and the most valiant and most ingenious person in the world." The lady, whose name was Donna Christina, received him with much kindness and civility ; and presently he was led into a hall, where Sancho unarmed him, he remaining in his wide

Walloon breeches and a chamois doublet, all besmeared with the rust of his armour ; his band being of the college-cut, without starch and without lace ; his buskins date-coloured, and his shoes waxed. He girt on his trusty sword, which hung at a belt made of sea-wolf's skin, and over these he had a long cloak of good gray cloth. But first of all, with five or six kettles of water he washed his head and face ; and still the water continued of a whey-colour, thanks to Sancho's gluttony, and the purchase of the nasty curds, that had made his master so white, and clean. With the aforesaid accoutrements, and with a polished air and deportment, Don Quixote walked into another hall, whence they were called to supper, such a one as Don Diégo had told them upon the road he used to give to those he invited—neat, plentiful, and savoury. But that which pleased Don Quixote above all, was the marvellous silence throughout the whole house, as if it had been a convent of Carthusians.

The cloth being taken away, grace said, and their hands washed, they had much pleasant discourse together until it was time to retire for the night.

Four days was Don Quixote nobly regaled in Don Diego's house ; at the end whereof he begged leave to be gone, telling his host he thanked him for the favour and kind entertainment he had received in his family ; but, because it did not look well for knights-errant to give themselves up to idleness and indulgence too long, he would go, in compliance with the duty of his function, in quest of adventures, wherewith he was informed those parts abounded ; designing to employ the time thereabouts till the day of the jousts at Saragossa, at which he resolved to be present. In the first place, however, he intended to visit the cave of Montesinos, of which people related so many and such wonderful things all over that country ; at the same time inquiring into the source and true springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego applauded his honourable resolution, desiring him to furnish himself with whatever he pleased of his, for he was heartily welcome to it—his worthy person and his noble profession obliging him to make him this offer.

At length the day of his departure came, as joyous to Don Quixote, as sad and unhappy for Sancho Panza, who liked the plenty of Don Diego's house wondrous well, and was loth to return to the hunger of the forests and wildernesses, and to the penury of his ill-provided wallets. However, he filled and stuffed them with what he thought most necessary. Offers of service and civilities were repeated between Don Diego and his guest ; and, with the good leave of the lady of the castle, they departed—Don Quixote upon Rozinante, and Sancho upon Dapple.

CHAPTER XIV.

Camacho's wedding—Cave of Montesinos—Adventure with the puppets—Sancho's peace-making.



Our knight and squire jogged along, they overtook some travellers, who said they were going to a great wedding in the neighbourhood, and invited Don Quixote to accompany them thither ; where would be plenty of fine entertainment both of meat and drink, and various pastimes, as Camacho, the bridegroom, was very rich. So he joined the party, refusing, on his arrival, to go into the town with them, as it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in the fields and forests, rather than under roofs, however stately. His lodging was therefore taken up outside, to the sore disappointment of Sancho, who had not forgotten the brave doings of Don Diego's household.

Don Quixote was up by daybreak next morning : but Sancho slept so heavily that he had to be stirred up with the butt-end of his master's lance to rouse him. At last he awaked, drowsy and yawning ; and, turning his face on all sides, said, " From yonder shady bower, if I mistake not, there comes a steam and smell, rather of broiled rashers of bacon than of thyme or rushes. By my faith, weddings that begin thus savourily must needs be liberal and abundant."

" Have done, glutton," said Don Quixote, " and let us go and see this wedding." Sancho did as his master commanded him ; and, saddling Rozinante and panneling Dapple, they both mounted, and, marching softly, entered the meadow where the entertainment was to take place. The first thing that presented

itself to Sancho's sight was a whole bullock spitted upon a large elm. The fire it was roasted by was composed of a good-sized mountain of wood, and round it were placed six pots, each containing a whole shamble of meat; entire sheep being sunk and swallowed up in them, as if they were only so many pigeons. The hares ready flayed, and the fowls ready plucked, that hung about upon the branches, in order to be buried in the caldrons, were without number. Infinite was the wild fowl and venison hanging about the trees, that the air might cool them. Sancho counted above threescore skins, each of above twenty-four quarts, and all, as appeared afterwards, full of generous wines. There were also piles of the whitest bread, like so many heaps of wheat in a threshing-floor. Cheeses, ranged like bricks, formed a kind of wall. Two caldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, stood ready for frying all sorts of batter-ware; and, with a couple of stout peels, they took them out when fried, and dipped them in another kettle of prepared honey, that stood by. The men and women cooks were above fifty, all clean, all diligent, and all in good humour. Inside the bullock were a dozen sucking pigs, sewed up in it to make it savoury and tender. The spices of various kinds seemed to have been bought, not by the pound, but by the hundred, and stood free for everybody in a great chest. In short, the preparation for the wedding was all rustic, but in such plenty, that it was sufficient to have feasted an army.

Sancho beheld all, considered all, and was in love with everything. The first that captivated and subdued his inclinations were the flesh-pots, out of which he would have been glad to have filled a moderate pipkin. Then the wine-skins drew his affections; and, lastly, the products of the frying-pans, in such pompous caldrons may be so called. And, not being able to forbear any longer, he went up to one of the busy cooks, from whom, with courteous and hungry words, he desired leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which the cook answered, "This is none of those days over which hunger presides, thanks to rich Camacho. Alight, and see if you can find a ladle anywhere, and skim out a fowl or two; and much good

may they do you.”—“I see none,” answered Sancho. “Stay,” said the cook. “Bless us, what a nice and good-for-nothing fellow must you be !” So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and sousing it into one of the pots fished out three pullets and a couple of geese, and said to Sancho, “Eat, friend, and make a breakfast of this scum, to stay your stomach till dinner-time.”—“I have nothing to put it in,” answered Sancho. “Then take ladle and all,” said the cook ; “for the riches and felicity of Camacho supply everything.”

This was very satisfactory ; but poor Sancho was doomed to a miserable disappointment, seeing that, just as the priest was about to marry Camacho the rich, to his bride, by a cleverly-devised trick the lady was united instead to Basilius, a poor suitor of hers, whom, in truth, she liked better. The young couple took Don Quixote home with them, to the unutterable disgust of his squire, who had now nothing but what was left of the skim-mings of the kettle to console him for the boundless provender left behind. They remained here three days, and then the knight determined to visit the famous magic cave of Montesinos, which he was told was a few miles off. He set out accordingly, taking with him about a couple of hundred yards of cord, that he might be lowered down into it, and explore its very depths. When they arrived at the cave, the guide, Sancho, and Don Quixote alighted ; then the two former bound the knight very fast with the cord, and while they were binding him, Sancho said, “Have a care, dear sir, what you do ; do not bury yourself alive, or hang yourself dangling, like a flask of wine let down to cool in a well ; for it is no business of your worship’s, nor does it belong to you, to be the scrutiniser of this hole, which must needs be worse than any dungeon.”—“Tie on, and talk not, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote. The tying of Don Quixote (not over his armour, but his doublet) being finished, he said, “We have been very careless in neglecting to provide a little bell, to be tied to me with this rope ; by the tinkling of which you might hear me still descending and know that I was alive ; but since that is now impossible, may Heaven be my guide.’ And immediately he kneeled down, and in a low voice put up a

prayer to Heaven for assistance and good success in this seemingly perilous and strange adventure. Then he drew near to the brink, and seeing he could not be let down, or get at the entrance of the cave, but by mere force, and cutting his way through, seizing his sword, he began to lay about him, and hew down the brambles and bushes at the mouth of the cave ; at which noise and rustling an infinite number of huge ravens and daws flew out so thick and so fast, that they beat him to the ground ; and had he been as superstitious as he was mad, he had taken it for an ill omen, and forborne shutting himself up in such a place. At length he got upon his legs, and seeing no more ravens flying out, or other night-birds, such as bats (some of which likewise flew out among the ravens), the guide and Sancho, giving him rope, let him down to the bottom of the fearful cavern ; at his going in, Sancho giving him his blessing, and saying, " Heaven speed thee, thou flower, and cream, and skimming of knights-errant ! There thou goest, Hector of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass. Once more Heaven guide thee, and send thee back safe and sound to the light of this world."

Don Quixote went down, calling for more and more rope, which they gave him by little and little ; and when the voice, by the windings of the cave, could be heard no longer, and the cordage was all let down, they thought they had best pull him up again, since they could give him no more rope. However, they delayed about half an hour, and then began to gather up the rope, which they did very easily, and without any weight at all ; from whence they conjectured that Don Quixote remained in the cave ; whereupon Sancho, believing as much, wept bitterly, drawing up in a great hurry to know the truth ; but, coming to a little above eighty fathoms, they felt a weight, at which they rejoiced exceedingly. In short, at about the tenth fathom, they discerned Don Quixote very distinctly ; to whom Sancho called out, saying, " Welcome back to us, dear sir ; for we began to think you had stayed there to sleep." But the knight answered not a word, and, pulling him quite out, they perceived his eyes were shut, as if he were asleep. They

laid him along on the ground and untied him ; yet still he did not awake. But they so turned, and jogged, and re-turned, and shook him, that, after a good while, he came to himself, stretching and yawning, just as if he had awaked out of a heavy and deep sleep ; and gazing from side to side, as if he was amazed, he said, " Heaven forgive you, friends, for having brought me from the most pleasing and charming life and sight that ever mortal saw or lived." He then desired they would give him something to eat, for he was very hungry ; so they spread the guide's carpet upon the green grass, addressed themselves to the pantry of his wallets, and being all three seated in loving and social wise, dined and supped all in one. The carpet being removed, Don Quixote de la Mancha said, " Let no one rise ; and, sons, be attentive to me."

And thereupon, in answer to their inquiries of what he had seen down below, he poured out to them the most wonderful rigmorole, not only of what he had seen, but of what he had said and done in this enchanted cave ; where, according to his own account, he had remained three days. " And has your worship, good sir, eaten anything in all this time ?" asked the guide. " I have not broken my fast with one mouthful," answered Don Quixote, " nor have I been hungry, or so much as thought of it all the while."—" Do the enchanted eat ?" said the guide. " They do not," answered Don Quixote. " And, sir, do the enchanted sleep ?" inquired Sancho. " No, truly," answered Don Quixote ; " at least, in the three days that I have been amongst them, not one of them has closed an eye, nor I either."—" Here," said Sancho, " the proverb hits right : ' Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are.' If your worship keeps company with those who fast and watch, what wonder is it that you neither eat nor sleep when you are with them ? But pardon me, good master of mine, if I tell your worship, that of all you have been saying, I'll be whipped if I believe one word."—" How so ?" said the guide : " Signor Don Quixote then must have lied ; who, even if he had a mind to it, has not had time to imagine and compose such a heap of lies."—" I do not believe my master lies," answered Sancho. " If not,

what do you believe?" said his master. "I believe," answered Sancho, "that the same Merlin, or those necromancers, who enchanted all the crew your worship says you saw and conversed with there below, have crammed into your imagination or memory all this stuff you have already told us."—"Such a thing might be, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but it is not so, for what I have related I saw with my own eyes; but what will you say when I tell you that I there saw my peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, whom I knew by the very same clothes she wore when you showed her to me? I spoke to her; but she turned her back upon me, and fled away with so much speed, that an arrow could not have overtaken her. But what gave me the most pain of anything I saw was, that one of the two companions of the unfortunate Dulcinea, with tears in her eyes, and in a low and troubled voice, said to me, 'My Lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands; and, being in great necessity, earnestly begs your worship would be pleased to lend her, upon this new dimity petticoat I have brought here, three shillings, or what you have about you, which she promises to return very shortly.' This message threw me into great perturbation. 'I will take no pawn,' answered I, 'nor can I send her what she desires, for I have but two shillings;' which I sent her, being those you gave me the other day, Sancho, to bestow in alms on the poor I should meet with upon the road; and I said to the damsel, 'Sweetheart, tell your lady, that I am grieved to my soul at her distresses, and wish I were a Croesus, to remedy them. Also tell her, I will take no rest till she be disenchantèd.'—'All this and more your worship owes my lady,' answered the damsel; and, taking the money, instead of making me a curtsy, she cut a caper full two yards high in the air."

"O Moses!" cried Sancho aloud, at this juncture; and there was no need to say anything more.

Having ended his discourse, Don Quixote gave orders for their departure, intending to spend the night at an inn to which he had been directed; and as, when they reached it, he took it for an inn, not a castle, his squire greatly rejoiced.

Whilst they were sitting on a stone bench outside the door here, there came up a man, clad in chamois leather from head to foot, and having his left eye, and nearly half the cheek, covered with a black patch. "Ho, ho!" said the landlord, "here comes Master Peter, with his divining ape, and his puppet-show; we shall have a brave night of it." Master Peter, who was, in truth, that old thief Gines de Passamonte disguised, thus welcomed, soon set up his show; which, being stuck round with little wax candles, made a brilliant appearance. He himself crept behind it, to manage the puppets, setting his boy to explain their movements, and what was going on.

"The show, gentlemen," said this youth, "is of how Don Gayferos freed his wife, Melisendra, who was prisoner of the Moors, in the city of Saragossa. That personage, with the crown on his head, is the great Emperor Charlemagne, supposed to be the lady's father. Observe how, like a good parent, he chafes and frets with his son-in-law. She who appears at a balcony of that tower is the beautiful Melisendra herself. Do you not mark how the hideous Moor, who comes stealing along, gives her a smacking kiss? whereupon she spits, wipes her mouth with her sleeve, and tears her hair for vexation. The figure you see on horseback is Don Gayferos. Note how his spouse leans over the balcony to talk with him, believing him a stranger; but, on recognising her husband, lets herself down to mount behind him. Alas, poor lady! the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold on one of the iron rails of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. But see how merciful Heaven sends relief in the greatest distresses, for now comes Don Gayferos, who, without regarding whether the rich petticoat be torn or not, lays hold of her, and brings her to the ground by main force; then, at a spring, sets her behind him on his horse, astride like a man, bidding her hold very fast, and clasp her arms about his shoulders, till they cross and meet over his breast, that she may not fall, because the Lady Melisendra was not used to that way of riding. See how the horse, by his neighings, shows he is

pleased with the burden of his valiant master and his fair mistress. And see how they turn their backs, and go out of the city, and how merrily and joyfully they take their way to Paris. But next, mark what an array of cavalry sallies out of the city, in pursuit of the twain, whose flight has been observed; and hear how the kettle-drums and cymbals clatter! I fear they will overtake them, and bring them back tied to their own horses tail, which would be a lamentable spectacle."

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing such a din, thought proper to succour those that fled; and, rising up, said, in a loud voice, "I will never consent, while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offered to so famous a knight as Don Gayferos. Hold, base-born rabble, follow not, nor pursue after him; for, if you do, have at you." So said, so done: he unsheathed his sword, and at one spring, planting himself close to the show, with a violent and unheard-of fury, began to rain hacks and slashes upon the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some and beheading others, laming this and demolishing that; and among a great many other strokes, he fetched one with such force, that if Master Peter had not ducked, and squatted down, he had chopped off his head with as much ease as if it had been made of sugar-paste. Master Peter cried out, saying, "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, hold! and consider that these figures you throw down, maim, and destroy, are not real Moors, but only puppets made of pasteboard. Consider, sinner that I am, that you are undoing me, and destroying my whole living." For all that, Don Quixote still laid about him, showering down doubling and redoubling fore-strokes and back-strokes, like hail. In short, in less than no time, he demolished the whole machine, hacking to pieces all the tackling and figures—King Marsilio being sorely wounded, and the head and crown of the Emperor Charlemagne cloven in two. The whole audience was in a consternation: the ape flew to the top of the house; the landlord was frightened; the girls screamed; and even Sancho himself trembled mightily, for, as he averred, after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

The general demolition of the machinery thus achieved, Don Quixote began to be a little calm, and said, "I wish I had here before me, at this instant, all those who are not, and will not, be convinced of how much benefit knights-errant are to the world; for, had I not been present, what would have become of good Don Gayferos and the fair Melisendra? I warrant you, these dogs would have overtaken them by this time, and have offered them some indignity. When all is done, long live knight-errantry above all things living in the world!"—"Aye, let it live, and let me die," said Master Peter, with a fainting voice. "It is not half an hour ago, or scarce half a minute, since I was master of kings and emperors, my stalls full of horses, and my trunks and sacks full of fine things, and now I am desolate and dejected, poor and a beggar; and what grieves me most of all, without my ape, who will be a very plague to catch; and all through the inconsiderate fury of this sir knight, who is said to protect orphans, redress wrongs, and do other charitable deeds. But in me alone, praised be the highest heavens for it, his generous intention has failed! In fine, it could only be the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure who was destined thus to disfigure me and mine."

Sancho Panza was moved to compassion by what Master Peter had spoken, and therefore said to him, "Weep not, Master Peter, nor take on so, for you break my heart; and I assure you my master Don Quixote is so scrupulous a Christian, that if he comes to reflect that he has done you wrong, he will certainly make you amends with interest."—"If Signor Don Quixote," replied Master Peter, "would but repay me part of the damage he has done me, I should be satisfied, and his worship would discharge his conscience; for nobody can be saved who withholds another's property against his will, and does not make restitution."—"True," said Don Quixote; "but as yet I do not know that I have anything of yours, Master Peter."—"How?" answered Master Peter; "what but the invincible force of your powerful arm scattered and annihilated these relics? Whose were their bodies but mine? and how did I maintain myself but by them?"—"Now am I entirely convinced," said Don Quixote,

at this juncture, "of what I have often believed before, that those enchanters who persecute me are perpetually setting shapes before me as they really are, and presently putting the change upon me, and transforming them into whatever they please. I protest to you, gentlemen, that I took Melisendra to be Melisendra; Don Gayferos, Don Gayferos; Marsilio, Marsilio; and Charlemagne, Charlemagne. This it was that inflamed my choler; so that, in compliance with the duty of my profession as a knight-errant, I had a mind to assist and succour those who fled; with this good intention I did what you just now saw. If things have fallen out the reverse, it is no fault of mine, but of those my wicked persecutors; yet, notwithstanding this mistake of mine, and though it did not proceed from malice, will I condemn myself in costs. See, Master Peter, what you must have for the damaged figures, and I will pay it you down in current and lawful money of Castile." Master Peter made him a low bow, saying, "I expected no less from the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; and let master innkeeper, and the great Sancho, be umpires between your worship and me of what the demolished figures are worth."

The innkeeper and Sancho said they would; and then Master Peter, taking up Marsilio, King of Saragossa, without a head, said, "You see how impossible it is to restore this king to his pristine state; and therefore I think, with submission to better judgments, you must award me for his death and destruction half-a-crown."—"Proceed," said Don Quixote. "Then, for this that is cleft from the top of his head," said Master Peter, taking up the head of Marsilio, "I will award you half-a-crown."

time be with her husband in France. Let every one take care of himself, Master Peter; give us plain dealing, and proceed." Master Peter had no mind the knight should escape him so, and therefore said to him, "Now I think on it, this is not Melisendra, but one of her waiting maids; and so, with one and threepence I shall be well contented." Thus he went on, setting a price upon several broken figures, which the arbitrators afterwards moderated to the satisfaction of both parties. The whole amounted to twenty shillings and fourpence halfpenny; and over and above all this (which Sancho immediately disbursed), Master Peter demanded a shilling for the trouble he should have in catching his ape. "Give him it, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "I would give an hundred to any one that could tell me for certain that Donna Melisendra and Signor Don Gayferos are at this time in France, and among their friends."

In conclusion, the bustle of the puppet-show was quite over, and they all supped together in peace and good fellowship at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to the last degree; so that the innkeeper was equally in admiration at his madness and liberality. In short, Sancho, by order of his master, paid him very well; and about eight in the morning, bidding him farewell, they left the inn, and went their way, travelling for a couple of days quietly enough. But on the third morning, hearing a great noise of drums and trumpets, Don Quixote must needs go and see what was the matter. It proved to be the men of a town hard by, who were accustomed on some old, ridiculous quarrel
of another town.

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